JOHN BULL, MAY 17, 1924. Registered at the G.P.O. as a Newspaper. Postage in U.K. or Abroad 1d.

JOHN BULL

Vol. XXXV. No. 887. SATURDAY, MAY 17, 1924. TWOPENCE.

Mason's 'O.K' Sauce
"John Bull's" Appetiser

THE LARGEST NET PAID SALES OF ANY 2d. WEEKLY PERIODICAL IN THE WORLD

HUGE HOLIDAY PRIZE OFFER
See page 35

THE MAN IN THE MASK

by The Rt. Hon. SIR W. JOYNSON-HICKS M.P.

FOR SORE TIRED TENDER FEET

When they Burn, Smart, Swell, Itch, Blister or form Corns and Callouses.

Nothing else can be compared with

Reudel Bath Saltrates

Dissolved in plain water, it produces a highly medicated and oxygenated bath or foot bath, possessing wonderful refreshing and curative properties. It reproduces in concentrated form the essential constituents found in the waters at celebrated natural curative springs providing :—

SPA TREATMENT AT YOUR OWN HOME.

The results of using Reudel Bath Saltrates are so remarkably satisfactory that many hundreds of prominent men and women have written us in grateful acknowledgment of the wonderful benefits derived. The following are only a few of the well-known people who have thus written us :—Sir Harry Lauder, Geo. Robey, A. F. (Peggy) Bettinson, Eugene Corri, Jimmy Wilde, Geo. Carpentier, Billy Wells, Tom Payne, Ernest Barry, Abe Mitchell, J. B. Hobbs, "Andy" Ducat, Violet Loraine, Phyllis Monkman, Maidie Scott, Harry Pilcer, Yvonne Arnaud, Hetty King, Jock Mackay, Daisy Dormer, May Moore Duprez.

Reudel Bath Saltrates can be obtained from any chemist. Complete satisfaction is guaranteed every user, or MONEY BACK IN FULL IMMEDIATELY AND WITHOUT QUESTION.
Saltrates Limited, Euston Buildings, London, N.W.1.

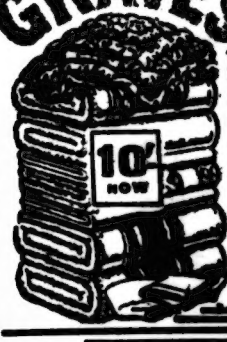
Hair-Growing Discovery

Many who were completely bald have grown a full crop of beautiful hair by using Kotalko. This contains real bear fat, juice of the rare pilocarpus plant and other potent ingredients from the Three Kingdoms of Nature.

A trial size box of Kotalko may be obtained by sending 3d. in stamps to John Hart Britain, Ltd., 2, Percy Street (53 E.G.), London, W.1. Marvellous and speedy growth of hair has been reported even when baldness has existed for years.

KOTALKO
TRUE HAIR GROWER

GRAVES



BARGAIN SALE

Unrivalled in excellence & value. Contains: 1pr 7lb Wool Blankets 1prWhite Fleecy Blankets; 1 pair Unbleached Twill Sheets; 2 White Pillow Cases; 1 White Bolster Case; 1 Alhambra Quilt; 1 Lovely Wadded Quilt. All warranted full double bed size. £4:16:0

Delivered to approved orders for 10/- with order, balance 10/- monthly. Money back if at all disappointed. Catalogue Post Free.

J. G. Graves Ltd. Sheff 28

Rheumatism Cured
Quickly and Effectively

The illustration which appears above is the hand of a lady under the X-rays, showing the position of the grains of Uric Acid which cause the excruciating agonies of Rheumatism. Note the distorted fingers.

URACE DISSOLVES AND DRIVES OUT URIC ACID

The cause of Rheumatism lies in the blood, and you cannot coax it out through the skin with plasters or belts. You cannot tease it out with oils or embrocations, or burn it out with impregnated wadding or wash it out with medicated waters—YOU MUST DISSOLVE AND DRIVE THE URIC ACID—which causes rheumatism—OUT OF THE BLOOD.

URACE does dissolve and drive Uric Acid from the system. It purifies the blood of all impurities and makes a cure certain. NO other remedy can do this. That is why URACE has succeeded when scores of so-called cure-alls, spas, appliances, belts and treatments have failed. That is why URACE is freely prescribed and supported by the medical profession.

1/3, 3/- & 5/- per box

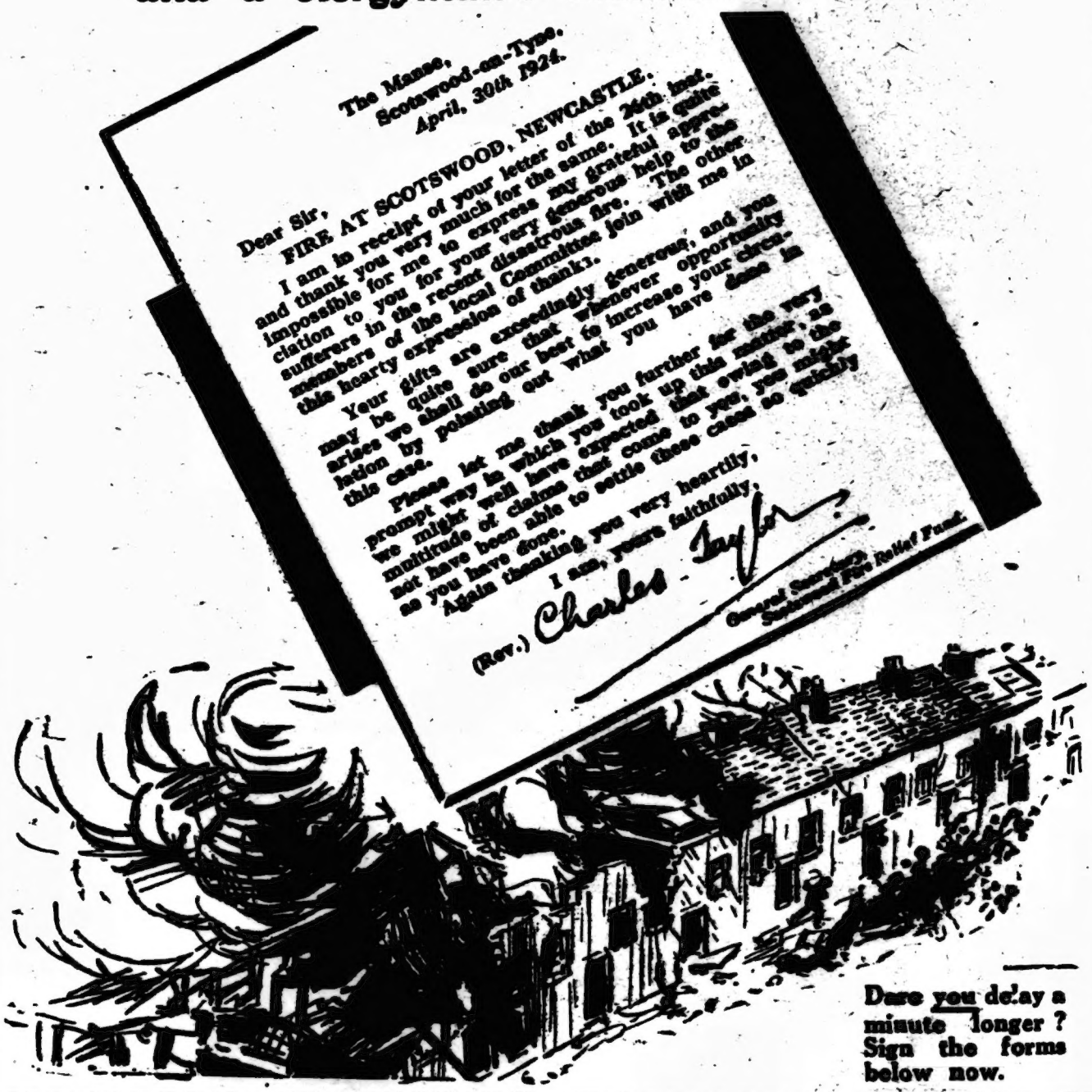
From Boots (600 Branches), Timothy White Co, Taylor's, Selfridge's, Whiteley's, Harrods and all Chemists and Stores, or direct for remittance from the URACE Laboratories, Dept, 75, 82, St. Thomas's Street, S.E.1.

URACE TABLETS

THE ACKNOWLEDGED REMEDY FOR
Neuralgia Cramp Nerve Pains
Lumbago Rheumatism Kidney Trouble
Gout Backache Sciatica, etc.

A terrible Fire

and a clergyman's remarkable letter.


The Manse,
Scotswood-on-Tyne.
April, 30th 1924.
Dear Sir,
FIRE AT SCOTSWOOD, NEWCASTLE.
I am in receipt of your letter of the 26th inst. and thank you very much for the same. It is quite impossible for me to express my grateful appreciation to you for your very generous help to the sufferers in the recent disastrous fire. The other members of the local Committee join with me in this hearty expression of thanks.
Your gifts are exceedingly generous, and you may be quite sure that whenever opportunity arises we shall do our best to increase your circulation by pointing out what you have done in this case.
Please let me thank you further for the very prompt way in which you took up this matter, as we might well have expected that owing to the multitude of claims that come to you, you might not have been able to settle these cases so quickly as you have done.
Again thanking you very heartily,
I am, yours faithfully,
(Rev.) Charles Taylor
General Secretary
Scotswood Fire Relief Fund.

Dare you delay a minute longer? Sign the forms below now.

CUT HERE.

POST THIS COUPON TO "JOHN BULL."

PLEASE WRITE CLEARLY.

To "John Bull" Registration Department, Long Acre, London, W.C.2
I have sent an order form to my newsagent for the regular weekly delivery of JOHN BULL. Please register me as a regular reader.

Reader's Name .....

Address .....

.....

Name and Address of Newsagent .....

.....

Date ....

6½d. stamp. Don't send envelope. A certificate setting out the full benefits and conditions and certifying registration will be sent on receipt of 3d. stamped addressed envelope.

J.B. 17/5/24.

CUT HERE.

HAND THIS COUPON TO YOUR NEWSAGENT.

PLEASE WRITE CLEARLY.

To (Name of Newsagent) .....

Address .....

.....

Please deliver or reserve JOHN BULL for me weekly until further notice.

Signature .....

Address .....

Date .....

J.B. 17/5/24.

SEND NO MONEY.

"John Bull" Pen Dept., Long Acre, W.C. 2. Please send me the "John Bull" Pen and the FREE Gift of a 2/6 "Everpointed" Pencil. If I keep same, I will remit P.O. for 5/6 (which includes pocket clip and postage), otherwise I will return in new condition within three days from receipt.

Name .....

Address .....

.....

State if broad—medium—fine nib (cross out those not required). If remittance is sent crossP.O. cheque "& Co." and make payable to "John Bull." ..... J.B. 17.5.24.

"A Marvel for the Money"

says Jack Taizak, 349, Cumberland Street, Glasgow. *"I have given your pen a good test and it has come through with flying colours. It has passed all my expectations—it's a marvel for the money."*

2/6 'Everpointed' Pencil FREE!

With every Pen is presented Free a handsome Pencil complete with rubber and refills

"JB" FREE!

Seeing is believing. First see this bargain before parting with any money. Examine the Pen with its 14-ct. solid gold nib. Compare with others costing 12/6. Every Pen guaranteed for two years.

Do you burn money to cook the breakfast?

TO be sure that a food is really economical you must take more than its price into consideration. You must reckon what it costs you in cooking—in gas or coal. Many housewives burn pounds in a year to cook the breakfast alone.

You save all round by buying and using Shredded Wheat. The price is only 8d.—two or three pence cheaper than most breakfast foods. The cost of cooking is *nil*—you simply serve the crisp golden "biscuits" with hot or cold milk.

Shredded Wheat is as nourishing as it is economical. It contains every food element that the body needs. It is as beneficial to the working man and woman as it is to the delicate growing school-child. Get a packet to-day and prove its value.

Shredded Wheat

100% FOOD

All Grocers 8d. per Packet.

£50 OFFERED MONTHLY for USEFUL RECIPES—

If you know a simple and attractive way of serving Shredded Wheat, send your recipe to us. We shall award the following prizes each month during May, June and July, for the best recipes we receive:—

1 st Prize £10 5 Prizes of £2
2 Prizes of £5 20 Prizes of £1

In addition we will pay £1 for every recipe we use for publication which has not received one of the above prizes. This month's competition will close on May 31st. Send recipes to:—The Shredded Wheat Co., Ltd., 26, General Buildings, Aldwych, London, W.C. 2.

That "Kruschen" Feeling!

Gardening—Adam's first job—is one of the healthiest and most delightful of occupations. But it is apt to find out your weak spots.

If, for instance, you have a tendency to rheumatism and do nothing to drive it out of your system, the strain of gardening will make its symptoms felt more acutely.

But the man who takes care to keep himself fit and healthy finds nothing but joy in the cultivation of his well-loved plot. That's where Kruschen comes in. Adopt the habit of the "little daily dose," and not only will you keep rheumatism out of your life and avoid many lesser ills, but you will possess that glorious "Kruschen feeling" of perfect health, unlimited vitality and never-failing lightness of heart.

That tiny, tasteless pinch of Kruschen you take each morning in your breakfast cup of tea works wonders for your bodily well-being. Being a combination of just the vital salts that Nature prescribes for your health, it does for you exactly what Nature would do if you always led an ideal life in the open air, getting plenty of exercise and avoiding all errors in your diet. Gently, but surely, it clears your body of all clogging waste matter, purifies and refreshes the blood, and sets you tingling with a sense of supreme fitness from the crown of your head to the tips of your toes.

Remember—it's the little daily dose that does it! Get a bottle of Kruschen at your chemist's to-day and start the habit of health to-morrow.

Tasteless in Tea.

Now in 3 Sizes

Kruschen Salts are now sold by all chemists in bottles of three sizes at the following prices:—

6d.
1/- & 1/9
Bottles

Kruschen Salts

Good Health for a Farthing a Day

The Mail Order Market

A Perfect Postal Service for Bargain-Hunters

WHEN SENDING
Write name and address in block letters. Give exact description of goods required. Send Money and Treasury Notes by registered post. Always mention JOHN BULL.

MONTHLY PAYMENTS ACCEPTED.

GENT'S Suits made to measure, in the latest styles of cloth, perfectly tailored, at **59/6**

Pay 10/- down and the rest in easy monthly instalments.

Also Ladies' Costumes on same easy terms.

Before placing your order elsewhere, write for Patterns and simple Self-measurement Form.

J. B. THORNE & CO.,
38, Langham Street, London, W.

"THE BOLTON"
DIRECT FROM FACTORY

Carriage Paid on approval
Ball-Bearing Tangent Cycle Wheels

£6:17:6

Beautifully Upholstered. Large and Roomy. Loose Cushions. Finest Materials and Finish throughout. The Lightest and Easiest Running Carriage made.

The Bolton VICTORIA Car for sitting or lying down £8-17-6

Write for Free Catalogue No. 10.

S. BOLTON, 390 & 408, Kingsland Road, London, E. 8.

A WONDERFUL BARGAIN
HOUSEHOLD LINEN

All Goods Guaranteed. Cash with order. Money returned if not satisfied. **21/-** Post Free

1 54/54 bleached damask linen cloth.
3 22/23 bleached damask linen serviettes (to match
2½yds 18in. bleached linen huckaback towelling.
2 20 40 fancy Turkish towels
2 22/24 flannelette polishing cloths.

HENRY'S' Imperial Bldgs., Oxford Road, Manchester.

A £2:2:0 PRESS for 6/6
POST PAID

Of polished wood and with enamelled metal fittings. Fitted with nickel-plated fittings, 9s. 3d. post free, Ireland 3d. extra for registration.

Compact; light weight; packs in suit case. Built to last years.

SAVE MONEY DRESS WELL.

Keep your trousers creased and pressed to make them last longer and to give them that "just-from-the-tailor" look

The "COOPER-Kit"

Unlike any other press. Two thumb screws and patent grip give even pressure and knife-edge crease. Send for this extraordinary bargain.

John Bull says:—"Splendid value."

The Cooper Collapsible Box Co., Ltd., (Dept. M10), Clarendon Works, HULL.

MONEY-BACK GUARANTEE. If not delighted full postage and cost refunded upon return in good condition. Send for List of other lines.

The 'JATUR' Watch on first payment of 12/6

SOLID GOLD HALL MARKED

Plain White or Fancy Dial Lever movement. Jewelled 15 rubies, on Solid Gold Expanding Bracelet, £2 12s., or first payment of 12/6. Balance in monthly instalments. On Moiré Silk Bracelet £2 or first payment of 10/- Balance in monthly instalments.

Warranted 10 Years.

JAY & TURNER *Opposite Ye Olde Cheshire Cheese,*
Jewellers & Silversmiths, 69, Fleet St., London, E.C.4

No more elbow grease in BLACKLEDGING

One coat of "Heatproof Black" on your Range, Grates, Radiators, or any ironwork will save you hours of drudgery. "HEATPROOF BLACK" gives a brilliant, lasting black enamel finish that is heat resisting and only requires dusting. Will not chip, is easy to apply, and most economical in use. A perfect preventative against damp & rust.

Money refunded if not a satisfaction.

HEATPROOF BLACK CO., Dept. 65, Harborough, nr. Leicester.

Direct from makers ONLY—Small tins, 2/3. Double size **3/6** Post free.

BIG BICYCLE BARGAINS

BEST VALUE EVER OFFERED.

Ask for 1924 List showing wide range of Models. U.S.A., ENFIELD, JAMES, HUMBER. From **65/-** CASH or easy payments from £1/8 monthly. Splendid Specifications.

Carriage Paid any station England or Wales. Crate 2/6. *Satisfaction Guaranteed or Money Returned.*

HEARN CYCLE CO., LTD. (Dept. V.), 254, Gray's Inn Rd., London, W.C.1.

GOVERNMENT SOLID ALL LEATHER FOOTWEAR

Guaranteed unissued, unworn British Government surplus stock. Our huge purchase of remaining stocks enables us to offer "John Bull" readers wonderful value. Cash instantly refunded if not satisfied. Post order and remittance, stating size, at once to secure. Supply limited.

No. 8. STOUT SOLID LEATHER OFFICERS' BLACK BROGUE SHOE. 8-inch solid leather comfortable. Smart for business or Sunday wear. Sizes 6, 7 and 12 only. Limited stock, post 9d. extra. Per pair **9/9**

No. 8.

No. 11. SMART STRONG NAVAL SHOE. A solid all-leather shoe beautifully made and very comfortable; with all the cap. Cannot be bought elsewhere at double the price. Sizes 7½, 8, 8½, 9, 9½ and 10, post free **10/6**

No. 11.

No. 2. NAVAL SOLID LEATHER STRONG DERBY SHOE. Made to Government specifications. Cost 3 times our price. A strong reliable shoe for rough hard wear. Limited stock. Sizes 6 to 9, post free **8/6**

No. 2.

No. 10. ALL-LEATHER ARMY BOOT. With or without toe cap, pull-in, stitched sole, steel toe and heel tips. Best solid leather throughout. Each pair stamped with Government mark. Will give years of hard wear. Sizes 6, 7, 8, 9, 10, 11, 12, 13, per pair **11/6**, post 1/-

NASH & Co. (Dept. J.B.), 248, Oxford St., London, W.1.

No. 10.

FREE
Rich Wavy Hair

Send stamped addressed envelope to Chief Chemist (Dept. 48), 35, Gray's Inn Road, London, for Free packet of the famous Quin-Quenna Shampoo. Then wash your hair—results are astonishing. It beautifies, cleanses, makes hair grow abundant, with a rich sheen and natural waviness. Stops scurf and hair falling. Nothing will do this but Quin-Quenna. 2d and 6d. all Chemists and Hairdressers.

The Invisible Sports Brace
(Pat. applied for)

does away with all the discomfort of a belt. Worn under the shirt, it holds the trousers securely yet comfortably and lets them hang perfectly. The shirt cannot rock up and there is no need to be constantly hitching up the trousers, as when a belt is worn.

This new brace is specially designed to give freedom of action for sports wear. Start the season right by sending for a pair TO DAY.

Ideal for Tennis, Cricket or Boating

PRICE **3/6** POST FREE

INVISIBLE BRACE CO. (Dept. J.), PORTLAND CHAMBERS, LEEDS.

The BEST is the CHEAPEST

COMBINED OVERCOAT & STORMCOAT Stylishly cut, well tailored and finished. In either Light and Dark Fawn shades or Navy. Special Oilskin Interlining renders it absolutely Stormproof. Smart, superb quality check lining. With detachable All Wool Fleece Lining. Complete **45/-**

Honestly worth 3 guineas. We guarantee to refund money if not satisfied and coat is returned within 7 days, we will give another Free if not satisfied after full year's wear with Fair Treatment. Send for Patterns of Ladies'. *Carriage Free in British Isles.*

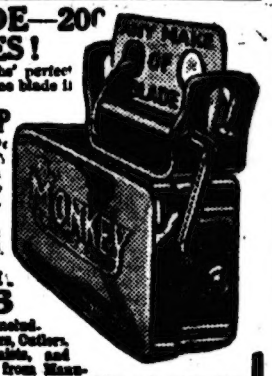
MERSEY DIRECT SUPPLY, (Dept. C), Tiviot Dale, Stockport, MANCHESTER.

ONE BLADE—20c SHAVES!

You can get 6 months' perfect shaving from the same blade if you use the

MONKEY STROP

Just drop in your blade—GILLETTE or ANY MAKE—a few turns of the handle puts a perfect "barber's edge" on both sides at once. 7 days' trial or money back. 100,000 already in use.



IMPROVED MODEL with Nickel-plated case, **5/6**

From Cash Chemists (instead of Boots'), Ironmongers, Cutlers, Hairdressers, Tobacconists, and Stores, or 5/6 direct from Manufacturers. Abroad 1/- extra. DOUGLAS KIRBY & CO., Dept. J.15, St. John's Lane, GLOUCESTER.

The 'MELBA'

8/- MONTHLY

Our latest creation, the pick of this season's fashions; there is no need for you to wear old clothes. We offer you this charming high-class costume. Tailor-made, in good quality Gaberdine for 8/- monthly, and it's as good a costume as any lady could wish to wear. Look at the attractive design, the beautiful silk stitching, the long roll collar, and remember the quality is guaranteed, supplied in Navy, Nigger, Mole, Oil-stones and Black, beautifully embroidered with colored silk and Paisley lining and the price is only 8/- cash or 63/- easy terms, 8/- now & 8/- monthly after delivery. Send 8/- now, say colour desired, and you have the costume to wear while paying for it.

The charm of being well dressed is now within your reach. Here we offer you, on simple easy terms, this wonderful costume of extreme beauty for 8/- monthly. It's the only safe way, send 8/- and have the costume to examine before paying anything further — if satisfied you pay 8/- monthly, if not satisfied your deposit is refunded. Send 8/- to-day, and say which colour we shall send you.

PRICE LIST FREE.

MASTERS 83, Hope Stores, RYE.

SPRING COSTUME FOR 9/-

and balance by instalments of 11/- monthly.

Graceful Costume of all wool Gaberdine of soft French make. Panels of frills on each hip terminate in a band of Egyptian embroidery, which is also echoed on the collar. Low priced at 76/-. Write for patterns and booklet, "Chic and Serviceable Modes."

All Goods sent on receipt of First Payment.

Satisfaction guaranteed or money refunded. All garments made to measure.

LEACH & HARDY, (Dept. J.B.) 96, Brown St. MANCHESTER.

MY LUCK'S IN!
says Every Ju-Ju Wearer.

It's hardly credible—the astonishing way your luck improves as soon as you possess a Ju-Ju famous Nigerian Mascot. Read these letters:—

"The Ju-Ju brought me the best of luck." M. M., W. Bromwich.
"I have found mascot very lucky." J. J. N., Dublin.
"It has brought me most astounding good luck." M. F., Manchester.
"My luck has changed at last." C. L., London.
"I have been exceptionally lucky." H. G., Boston.

These are typical of thousands who have said "good-bye" to ill-luck since wearing a Ju-Ju Charm.

Sterling Silver, 5s. } Post
9ct. Gold, £1 } free.

JU-JU SOCIETY (Dept. J.B.), Imperial Buildings, Western Road, Newcastle-on-Tyne

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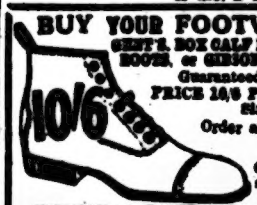
Eczema PSORIASIS, BAD LEGS and all skin diseases completely and permanently cured by KUREM HOME TREATMENT

Famous over 30 years. Entirely herbal, inexpensive, yet cures when doctors and hospitals fail. Send postcard for free book, sent under plain wrapper, which tells you how to begin your own certain cure at home. J. Robinson & Sons, 11, Kurem House, Bamford.

BUY YOUR FOOTWEAR DIRECT

GENT'S BOX CALF DERBY and BALMORAL BOOTS, or GIBSON and OXFORD SHOES. Guaranteed Solid Leather, PRICE 10/6 PAIR. Postage 1/- extra. Sizes 6½ to 10½.



Order at once, stating style and size required.

Orders in strict rotation, Cross P.O.

WEYMAN & WEAVER, 5, King Street, Wellingborough.

BIG PRICES PAID For OLD FALSE TEETH

Bring the teeth to my address and cash will be paid to you over the counter or till in coupon, and I will send you

FREE an Addressed Box for sending teeth,

To Mr. E. LEWIS (Desk 20)
24, Warwick St., off Regent St., London W.1.

Sir,—Please send to me an addressed box, for sending Old Artificial Teeth that I have for disposal, on the clear understanding that you will return the teeth to me, post paid, if I do not consider your cash offer satisfactory.

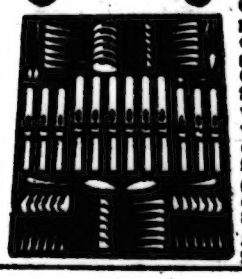
NAME.....

ADDRESS.....

Postage ½d. if sent in open envelope.

Also at 29, London St., Southport.

GRAVES STAINLESS CUTLERY
SAVES TIME, LABOUR & MONEY



It banishes for evermore the daily drudgery of Knife-Cleaning.

Complete service of 43 pieces, £3:5:0 (without cases). Ivory-grained handles, Columbian Silver Spoons & Forks which wear white all through. Delivered to approved orders for 5/- now, 5/- monthly.

5/- now

CATALOGUE of Sheffield Cutlery and Plate, Stainless Specialities &c., Post Free. J. G. Graves Ltd. Sheffield.

SMALL ADS. WORTH WATCHING

Prepaid Rate: 8s. per line averaging six words. Minimum Charge, 24s.

Address: The Advertisement Manager, "John Bull," 57-59, Long Acre, London, W.C.2.

PEACH'S CURTAINS. — 1924 Catalogue Free. 350 Illustrations. Lace Curtains, Casement Fabrics, Nets, Cretonnes, Blinds, Muslins, Linens.—S. PEACH & SONS, 141, The Looms, NOTTINGHAM.

BILLIARD TABLES.—New and second-hand; all sizes and makes. Bargain list free.—J.ELKS, 203-275, Holloway Road, N.7.

CYCLISTS, DON'T MISS IT.—Our Monster Shopping Guide, 160 pages, Hundreds of illustrations, thousands of truly stunning bargains. Secure it immediately. It's ABSOLUTELY FREE.—Cycles from £3/17/6. Easy payments, 2/3 weekly. Tyres, 3/11. Chains 2/3, Bells 6d., Half-crown Waterproof Cape, 4d. A revelation catalogue this. Postcard brings it free.—Write, Moorhouse, Ltd., 89, Winchester Works, Padiham, Burnley.

"MASCOT"—A MAN'S SHOE!—Before purchasing elsewhere send for Illustrated style booklet of these smart, comfortable, reliable shoes, and name of nearest Agent, to Norvic Shoe Co., Norwich. Satisfaction guaranteed.

MUSICAL.

ACCORDIONS, Violins, Banjos, Mandolins, Band Instruments, Illd. Catalogue free.—Douglas, 90, King's Chambers, South Street, E.C.2.

BOYD Pianos, world-famed for tone, touch, durability, direct from makers, on their deferred payment system.—Catalogue in colours, Boyd, Ltd. (Dept. 6), 19, Holborn, London, E.C.1. 130, Old Street, London, E.C.1.

GRAMOPHONES 30/6, motors 10/-; accessories, Violins, accordions, cheapest. 32-page list 2d. How to make Gramos.—Regentbull, 130, Old Street, London.

FOR SMALL TRADERS, SHOPKEEPERS.

MONEY-MAKING Bargains for Shopkeepers and beginners. — Sell manufacturers' clearing lines and travellers' samples in General Drapery much below ordinary price. Big profit certain. Wholesale Catalogue free. — Wolfson's Warehouse, 48, Thomas Street, Manchester.

A 20/- Capital and your living guaranteed. —Write now for free guide of Drapery, Boots, etc.—M. Marks, 81, Houndsditch, London, E.1.

A.B.C. Guide to Remnant and Drapery trade. How to start. Useful hints. Worth pounds. Post free. Write to-day.—Cochrane's Warehouse, 9, Victoria Bridge, Manchester.

DRAPERY Remnants, Cut Lengths (wholesale only); list free.—H. H. Clegg (Dept. J.B.), 99, High street, Manchester.

LADIES' Frocks, Blouses, Jumpers, Hosiery, Raincoats. Send for free Price List.—S. MENDEL (Dept. B.), 46, Market Street, MANCHESTER.

HOSIERS, DRAPERS.—Wait no longer! Try Rosen's now! The right goods at the right prices. Send for Catalogue and Price List at once, Dept. B. If in difficulties, my Advice Book will help you. Send 3d. stamps to cover postage. The work of an experienced business man.—Dept. B., M. Rosen, 69, Piccadilly, Manchester.

DRAPERS, MARKETMEN.—Cheap, attractive lines, great variety, also jobs and clearing lines.—List from Chew and Co., Roger Street Warehouse, Manchester. (Wholesale.)

DRAPERY and Men's Outfitting lines at keenest prices. Send for Wholesale Price List. —Betts and Co., 7, Hounds Gate, Nottingham.

AGENTS WANTED.

£10 PER MONTH

CAN BE ADDED TO YOUR EARNINGS by selling in spare time Men's and Women's Boots and Shoes, Men's and Women's Clothing, Drapery, Furniture, Bedsteads, Lino, Carpets, Sewing Machines, Baby Carriages, Wringers, Bicycles, China Ware, Watches, Clocks, Jewellery, etc. Grand value. Cash or easy terms. Highest commission. Liberal supply of samples. Men in regular work apply for Illustrated Catalogue and Particulars to FREEMAN'S, Contractors to H.M Government, 103, to 107, Lavender Hill, London.

PART-TIME AGENCY.—Ex. opportunity for persons in regular employment to sell Boots, Clothing, Drapery, Jewellery, etc; cash or credit; good comm.—Apply, J. Turner (Dept. 19), 16, The Arcade, Grattan Road, Bradford.

SITUATIONS VACANT.

A CHANCE FOR YOU IN SALESMANSHIP—

the profession that pays big incomes. Never before have there been so many splendid openings for trained Salesmen, men whose training enables them to sell goods just as easily as others buy them. But it is only the trained man that gets the big salary, although any average man can, by taking the Wallace Attwood Correspondence Course, become proficient in six months by home study in leisure moments. Absolutely no knowledge of selling is required before you commence the Course. Why not let Mr. Wallace Attwood (acknowledged to be Britain's greatest teacher of salesmanship) train you in the science of selling, like he has successfully trained thousands of others, and place you in a position where your specialised knowledge will be well paid for? The sooner you send for the free book, "The Profession of Salesmanship," the quicker you will realise that the biggest chances for men to-day are in the selling field. Send for your free copy now.—The Wallace Attwood Correspondence College, 28T, Bedford Row, London, W.C.1.

THE ROYAL AIR FORCE requires Armourers, Carpenters (for training as Carpenter Riggers), Electricians, Electrical Fitters, Instrument Repairers, Power Station Tradesmen, Tinsmiths and Sheet Metal Workers, and Wireless Operators. Age limits: Ex-Service or skilled and semi-skilled tradesmen, 18 to 30; all others 18 to 26. Pay from 21/- to 38/6 per week, on enlistment, and all found. Allowance for wife and children to men 26 and over.—Write, stating age, or call: Inspector of Recruiting, R.A.F., 4, Henrietta Street, Covent Garden, London, W.C.2, or R.A.F. Recruiting Depots, 41, Church Street, Birmingham, and 105, New Bridge Street, Newcastle-on-Tyne.

KNITTERS wanted to work Golden Fleece Knitting Machines at home; free tuition; guaranteed wage for output; experience not necessary. Send 2d. stamp for prospectus.—S. S. M. Co., Dept. 108, 91, Clerkenwell Road, London, E.C.1.

BECOME a Motor-car Salesman and earn £5 to £20 weekly. An outdoor profession in which there is never unemployment. You can train yourself by correspondence in spare time.—Write, School of Motor Salesmanship, 79, Davies Street, London, W.1.

BUSINESS OPPORTUNITIES, SERVICES.

DO YOU ADVERTISE?—Your advertisement inserted in 50 Provincial or London and Suburban Newspapers, 7/10; 25 Country, 2/6. Covering Wales, 3/8. Many others. Prospectus free.—Central Press (Series Dept. 60), 180, Strand, London.

£5 to £10 weekly can be easily earned for a small outlay of 20/-. No previous experience necessary.—Write for particulars.—H. Levaine (Dept. J.B.), 143, Hound-ditch, London.

BUILD up a Mail Order Business without buying stock. Scheme endorsed by authorities. Write, Noble Bros., Pelham Street, Nottingham.

CHEAP PRINTING.—1,000 Billheads fr. 5/6. Handbills fr. 7/6. Memos, Business Cards, etc. Samp free.—Creteway Press, 8, Buxted, Sussex.

BARGAIN SALES.

WALLPAPERS direct (non-combine), therefore cheapest, from 3½d. Write for free 1924 patt. bk. —Fellnse Wallpaper Co., Hunslet Road, Leeds.

FASCINATING EGYPT.—Write the I.C.A., 2,077, Sandooq Bosta, Cairo, for Catalogue B. Letters or p.c.s 1½d.

BEDSTEADS, etc., DIRECT FROM FACTORY TO HOME. Latest designs in Metal and Wood, Bedding, Wire Mattresses, Cots, etc., also Furniture. All goods sent Carriage Paid in perfectly new condition (nothing shop-soiled). Illustrated Lists post free. Cash or instalments. Why pay retail prices?—Established 25 years.—CHARLES RILEY, Desk 16, MOOR ST., BIRMINGHAM.

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OUR "PAY-WHILST-YOU-USE-IT" PLAN.

Think of the convenience of having a really high-grade guaranteed typewriter working for you—always on hand to write your letters, type reports, accounts, and MSS., with carbon copies when desired! Expensive? Not a bit, if you go about it the BLICK way.

Our plan of easy payments has been devised to bring the BLICK within the reach of every income, even the smallest.

Remember, the small preliminary payment gives you full use of the machine AT ONCE. After that you pay the equivalent of a few shillings weekly until the purchase has been completed. Could anything be fairer? You will never miss those small, easy payments. The service you get in return is equal to good hard cash. The BLICK pays for itself long before the instalments are completed.

21/- MONTHLY

Every BLICK purchased on these terms carries full and complete guarantee holding good for three years. You run no risk whatever. No matter how much work you give it the BLICK is guaranteed to serve you faithfully and untiringly. In its handsome travelling case it will accompany you anywhere—always ready to transcribe your thoughts on paper. And it can be learnt in an hour.

DON'T DELAY——WRITE TO-DAY.

Seize this opportunity NOW. It is too good to let slip. Get a pen, a postcard and write (or call) asking for Folder 194. It is a step fraught with big possibilities.

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30 YEARS' REPUTATION
3 YEARS' GUARANTEE

Blick UNIVERSAL

AMAZING OFFER of Opera or Field Glasses, powerful lens, in case, complete, post free, 5/- a pair. Satisfaction guaranteed.—G. James & Co., 37, Charles St., Hatton Garden, London.

"DULCE" COMBINATION PRAM-CAB saves you pounds. For baby lying and child sitting—or either. Well-made; blue. Hood and apron. Carefully packed; carriage paid, 39/6 with order.—Dulce Co., Redcliffe St., Bristol.

DON'T BE BULLIED.—Send 4d. stamps for 2 lllus. Sample Lens. in Jujitsu.—YAWARA (J.B.), 10, Queensway, Hanworth, Feltham, Mx.

PEARL NECKLET, 24 in., snap fastener, in case, 10/6. Agents wanted.—Harrald Co., 31, Eglantine Road, Wandsworth.

A SOLID GOLD WATCH on expanding bracelet for 12/6 down, and guaranteed for ten years! This watch, which is the extraordinary offer of Jay & Turner, is sold to you under the conditions of the *John Bull* Advertisement Guarantee, which means satisfaction or money back. The watch is illustrated and fully described on page 4, and here are other bargain offers which are well worth reading.

DRESS.

REAL Harris and Shetland Homspuns, direct from makers; best quality only; patterns free. —Harris Tweed Depot, 1, James St., Stornoway.

DIRECT from Wool City and Manufacturers, "Cost Price." Ladies' Fine Hosiery, Black, Grey, Nigger, Marie, 3 pairs post free 3/6. *John Bull* guarantee.—Public's Economical Supply Stores, Cragg Lane, Bradford, Yorks.

EDUCATIONAL, INSTRUCTION.

FINDING A POST is a question of selling your services, and the more valuable those services the greater the "price" obtainable. Therefore, to command higher remuneration you must INCREASE YOUR ABILITY, the ideal success-assuring means being a Metropolitan College Spare-time Course of Expert Postal tuition, undertaken in your own home.

SUBJECTS: Accountancy, Secretaryship, Advertising, Insurance, London B. Com. Degree, Banking, Costing, Business Training, Matriculation, Professional Prelim. Examinations.

Over 3,000 successes at professional examinations in 1923. Many intensely practical non-examination courses. Moderate fees, by instalments if desired. Send postcard today for "Guide to Careers in Business," 140 pp., free.—METROPOLITAN COLLEGE, Dept. 31, ST. ALBANS.

WIRELESS.

WIRELESS.—Build your own Valve Set. Two-valve Set, with cabinet, all ready to assemble, £4 17s. 6d., 2/- weekly. Sets, 'Phones, Speakers, all easy payments.—WIRELESS DISTRIBUTING CO., LTD., WALMAR HOUSE, REGENT STREET, W.1.

MEDICAL, CURATIVE.

WORMS CURED.—Artico Brand Worm Tablets are a Specialist's positive and permanent cure. They cure most violent cases by calmly destroying the very cause of the worm's existence. No fasting, no dieting, no interference with daily habits. Send 1/6 for generous supply or 1½d. stamp for Free Pamphlet. —Ridyard Tablet Co., 34-38, Codnor, Derby.

LIFE'S GREAT HANDICAP—ILL-HEALTH. Try ENEROOT. You LOSE Stomach Troubles, Worry, Nerves, Constipation, Rheumatism, Insomnia. GAIN a perfect brain in a perfect body. Money back if they fail. Month's course, 1/6. —Enerot, 12, Bessborough Gardens, S.W.1.

PILES can be cured quickly and easily with YROC, the age-old Italian monastery Skin Remedy. Small tin positively cures worst cases. No failures.—YROC, 334, Green Lanes, London, N.4.

STAMMERING.—I cured myself. You can cure yourself (or your child). Particulars free.—Frank Hughes (J.B.), Ltd., 7, Southampton Row, W.C.1.

RELIABLE Rupture Remedy.—Do you want cheapest and best appliance made, guaranteed to hold your rupture under all strains, on trial terms? Cat. free.—Pope, 11, Canning Street, Liverpool.

GOITRE, Enlarged Glands, Tonsils and Tumours quickly cured without operation. Testimonial proofs and advice free.—W. Duncan, M.H., Specialist (Dept. X.), Medical Hall, 44, Broadway, Grays.

HOW TO STOP SMOKING.—Genuine Remedy proved by testimonials and recommended by Editor, "Health and Efficiency."—Write, The Stanley Institute (J.C.), 21, Warwick La., E.C.4.

VARICOSE VEINS, BAD LEGS, &c.; TREATMENT ON APPROVAL.—To prove that you can be permanently cured without operation, drugs, bandages, failure or relapse, we will send our NEW SCIENTIFIC TREATMENT ON TRIAL, FREE OF ALL CHARGE. Instant relief guaranteed.—Call, write or 'phone for full particulars of our FREE APPROVAL OFFER and Booklet "B."—LE BRASSEUR SURGICAL MFG. CO., LTD. (Dept. N.P.), 26, Sackville Street, Piccadilly, London. Works: Passy, Paris, France.

CLEAR YOUR SKIN of Pimples, Blackheads, Blotches, Eruptions, Psoriasis, Eczema, Sores. "PURALETS" always succeed. Trial free.—Percival Productions, Ltd., 162, St. Albans.

NERVOUSNESS, BLUSHING.—A remarkable book of genuin self-cure sent privately for 3d. —H. Rivers (J.B.13), 40, Lamb's Conduit St., W.C.

SEND for Valuable Book, "Everyday Ailments," containing over 100 pages, explaining how to cure with Herbal Remedies. Three penny stamps for post.—Hall's Hygiene Co., Ltd., J.B., Salford, Manchester.

NERVY? WEAK?—Write for free booklet on New Drugless Way to Radiant Energy, Glowing Health, Nerve Force; or 14 days' trial, 3/-.—Percivals, Ltd., 67, St. Albans.

FITS Positively Cured.—Booklet describing genuine home-made remedy free from WHITBY & CO., WINSFORD, Cheshire.

DON'T WEAR A TRUSS—use Brooks Rupture Appliance. New discovery. Wonderful! No lumpy pads, no springs, durable, cheap. Binds and draws parts together quickly. SENT ON TRIAL. Catalogue free.—Address, BROOKS APPLIANCE CO., LTD. (1763U), 80, Chancery Lane, London, W.C.2.

PATCHY BALDNESS.—Amazing and permanent cures effected by new secret remedy. No failures. Sufficient to cure, 1/9, p.f.—Booker, 15, Beech Rd., Wath-on-Dearne.

MISCELLANEOUS.

SIXTY-FOUR-PAGE BOOK about Herbs and how to use them, 2d. Send for one.—Trimnell, The Herbalist, Richmond Road, Cardiff.

BLOW the man who invented stitches! We've invented something better! For mending tears, "Mend-a-Tear" is indispensable to the mother, abolishing stitches. Send 1½d. stamp for free sample. — Leicester Rubber Co., Ltd., 23, Granby Mills, Leicester.

FILM FAVOURITES ON POSTCARDS.—Special Packet of 60, all different, as selected by us, beautifully printed in brown photogravure; price 3/-, post free; or smaller packet of 30, all different, 1/9, post free.—"Picturegoer" Salon, 88, Long Acre, London, W.C.2.

CHARMING ART STUDIES.—Sixteen Photogravure Portraits of the most popular Film Favourites. Size of each portrait 10 in. by 8 in., and every one worthy of a frame. Price, complete in handsome Portfolio, 1/2, post free, from "Picturegoer" Salon, 88, Long Acre, London, W.C.2.

SCIENCE AND HEALTH.

The advances of Science in all directions during the last decade have without doubt outstripped all previous periods in progress.

In no direction has there been a greater advance than in science of relieving and curing the ailments and physical weaknesses to which the human body is so unfortunately prone to in these days of ultra-civilisation.

Perhaps the greatest of all the many advances of Curative Science has been what may be termed the "back-to-Nature-cure." In this connection special attention should be drawn to the striking announcement and offer which is made to-day in this issue of *John Bull* by the pioneer of the Nature cure of this country—Mr. Eugen Sandow.

The wonderful testimony of more than 200,000 patients who have sought and found relief from illness and built up their bodies into a state of physical fitness and renewed vitality and energy by following Mr. Sandow's advice is such as to place beyond doubt the efficiency of what is now known the world over as the Sandow Treatment.

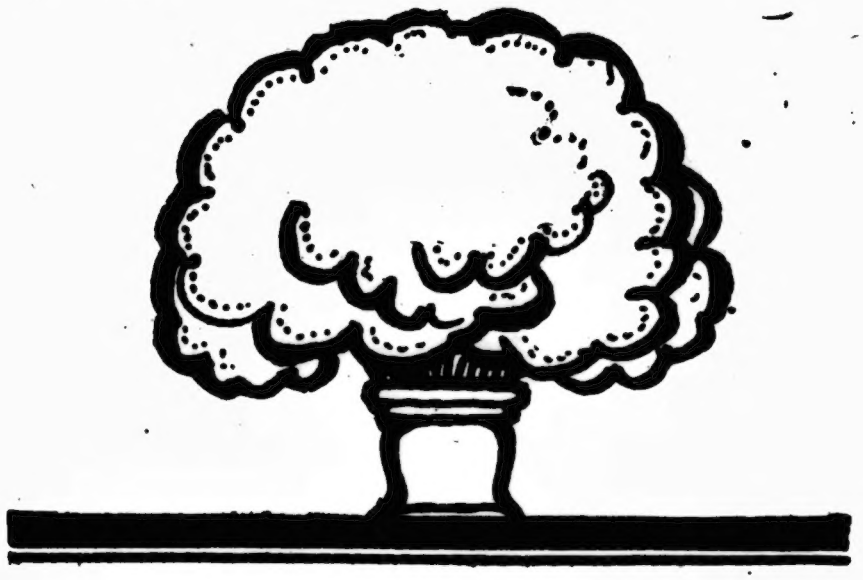
There is no doubt whatever that everyone who is suffering from any of the illnesses and physical disabilities mentioned on page 29 cannot do better than investigate for themselves free of cost by means of Mr. Sandow's offer whether this treatment offers just that health regeneration which is necessary in their own cases.

ADVERTISEMENT GUARANTEE

We guarantee the goods advertised by every firm whose trade announcement appears in JOHN BULL. *If any reader can show just cause for dissatisfaction with the purchase of any goods made through any trade advertisement in our columns we will refund the purchase money, provided the goods complained of are sent to us within one week from the date of original purchase, if such is made within one month from the date of this issue.*

This guarantee does not apply to complaints arising from advertisements of medicines, land, buildings, company prospectuses, turf commission agents, or personal service of any kind.

very good *shaving soap*



On its ability to give you a good shave judge Pears Shaving Soap.

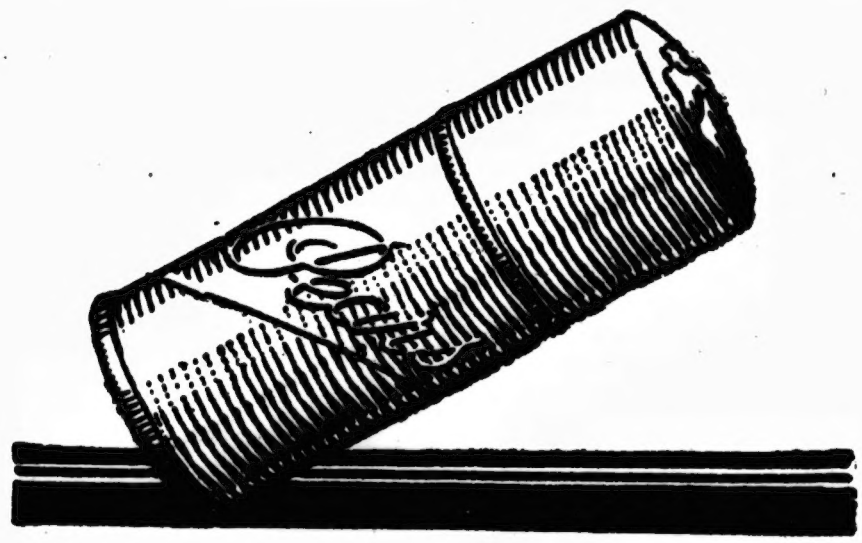
It lathers well. Such a fast, copious lather. A lather which covers the shortcomings of your razor.

It outlasts others—so much surplus moisture is extracted. You'll part with the wafer-thin remnant as you part with an old friend.

It is fragrant. With a fragrance for men which is sensed rather than smelt.

It is firm to the end. No misshapen waterlogged mass lurking at the bottom of its case. Firm, upstanding, solid . . . . that's Pears.

PEARS OPAQUE SHAVING STICK



Vol. XXXV. No 897.
Week ending Saturday,
May 17, 1924. Twopence.

JOHN BULL

The Paper on which the Sun Never Sets

The WORLD, *the* FLESH *& the* DEVIL

For the People—the Right to Justice & Truth

93, Long Acre, London, W.C.2.
Telephone: Gerrard 9866.
Telegrams: Heroicalness, London.

All's Well.

The Government has retrieved its blunder of the Evictions Bill by accepting Mr. Simon's common-sense proposals. Compulsory alternative accommodation was the obvious way out.

Squaring the Circle.

The Premier looks forward to everyone owning his own house. Margaret Bondfield looks forward to the abolition of property ownership. What *can* one make of it?

The Week's Best Joke.

When it was proposed that only M.P.s who attended the House should receive their salaries, members laughed. And the M.P.s were right in the value they put on their work!

Slaves of the Underworld.

The coal inquiry has already revealed an intolerable condition of affairs. Clearly a speedy remedy must be applied if peace is to be secured.

Put the Burden—

Whatever is done must not be at the further expense of the consumer. The helpless public is very tired of the game of "Passing it on."

—On the Right Shoulders.

Bad management is at the root of the trouble. The only effective remedy is to formulate practical proposals for reorganisation of the industry.

Hiding the Truth.

Mr. Shinwell is not satisfied with the figures given him by the coal merchants. So we should imagine. Ninepence per ton profit is just a tale—and a fairy tale to boot.

Wrecking Tactics.

The Press Trust is in full cry after the Russians, and wants the conference ended. For ourselves we are content to wait and see what happens.

Potential Millions.

With two millions unemployed and a crippled market, no avenues must be left unexplored. If agreement can be reached, trade will result. Let the Premier have his chance.

Caught Out!

There will never be a better means for settling a dispute than by agreement, says the *Daily Mail*. Lord Rothermere might remember that next time he invites us to take off our hats to France.

Get It Started.

Another attempt is to be made to get the Channel Tunnel Scheme sanctioned. France approves. Here is work for thousands if our Government does likewise.

Reviving Trade.

Our iron and steel exports are now 88 per cent. of what they were in 1913. Not bad in the circumstances. Our dismal Jimmies might bear in mind that 1913 was a boom year.

Chaos!

The average pay of skilled engineers is £2 16s. 10d. per week. In many unskilled occupations the pay ranges from £3 to £5 per week. Small wonder there is so much industrial unrest.

Level Up.

But we disagree with those who want to "level down." Properly organised, industry could be made productive enough to pay living wages in every department.

Still It Goes On.

In six weeks bricks have advanced 5s. per thousand. The excuses are "scarcity" and "lack of labour." The really appropriate word is "ramp."

Compel Them!

Why, with unemployment rampant, there should be a famine in bricks passes our comprehension. The labour is there if the ring would allow it to function.

Democratic Tyranny.

The dispute in theatreland centres, as usual, round the jealousy and bitterness between two rival trade unions. And the liberty of the public is imperilled by the tyranny of obscure "leaders."

Smothering Liberty.

When trade unions seek to curb personal freedom, they become a menace to society. We have no wish to see England follow Russia.

Towards Democracy.

The Birmingham Trades Council wants to "stabilise wages at a reasonable level." Certainly the time is rapidly coming when a Minimum Wage Bill will have to be considered practical politics.

Figures Talk.

Since the war at least £11,000,000 has been "cut" from the wages of workpeople: and to-day the cost of living is still 73 per cent. above pre-war.

Sanding the Wheels.

The other side of the picture is the appalling total of 177,900,000 working days lost in the last five years through industrial disputes.

How Can It?

Until both employers and employed realise what these figures imply, there can be little hope of any real prosperity despite reviving trade.

Ironical!

At a meeting held to insist upon the right of free speech, a self-appointed guard of "British Fascisti" appeared to enforce freedom by main strength. These pinchbeck Napoleons need a sharp lesson.

"JOHN BULL" Free Insurance Gift.
A Terrible Fire
and a clergyman's remarkable letter.
See pages 2 and 25.

All Together!

In the fight against cancer being waged by the British Empire Cancer Campaign, scientific research must not be hampered for lack of funds. Every Government in the Empire should contribute its quota.

"No Children"!

It is a serious and growing scandal that people should be refused houses and rooms because they have dared to have children. It is an anti-social attitude that may yet merit the attention of Parliament.

What Care They?

Meanwhile the Standing Committee on the Rents Bill has had fourteen sittings—and done nothing! Nor will the Government take over the Bill. Tenants must wait while politicians play.

Heaven Forfend!

Certain medical men are demanding "State certificates of marriage." If a healthy race cannot be reared except on the lines of the stock-breeder, better that it should perish.

Licensed Snails.

It is time the police exacted a standard of mechanical efficiency from taxi-cabs. Some of the decrepit engines which are plying for hire to-day would disgrace a museum.

The Cheaper Way.

The outbreak of foot-and-mouth disease cost the taxpayer £3,188,250. We should be interested to learn what, if anything, is being done to subsidise research into this expensive plague.

Robbing the Children.

Although the tax has been taken off mineral waters, the consumer has not benefited. Fourpence a gallon is a halfpenny a pint. Who is pocketing it?

An Old Game.

There are signs that when the combines get to work there is going to be a "shortage" of tea and sugar which, of course, will send up prices!

See-saw Prices.

Coincident with the fall in tea and sugar prices up goes the cost of butter and bacon. Whoever loses by the Budget it is clearly not going to be the retailer!

Means Must be Found.

Unless the Government sees that the tax reductions are benefiting the consumer and not the profiteer, it will have accomplished nothing.

Sheer Robbery.

The Blue Bird Motor Co. can sell petrol at 7d. per gallon below combine prices—and make a profit. Think what the combine squeeze means on the cost of living!

Verminous Buildings.

A considerable number of Employment Exchanges are both unsuitable and insanitary. We invite someone to give this matter his immediate attention.

Haven't They Heard?

The Simplified Spelling Advocates are demanding a Royal Commission on reformed spelling. "Deformed" spelling would be a better description—and in any case there are more urgent problems.

Where Glasgow Leads.

They do some things better in Glasgow. In the Glasgow High Court a rascal convicted of improperly interfering with a little girl was sentenced to three years' penal servitude. Such just severity is in wholesome contrast to the fines and short terms of imprisonment which too often reward this vile offence elsewhere.

Mother, the Builder.

Having slaved all her life to provide the money to pay for her son's training as a doctor, a Welsh woman was robbed by his death of the fruits of her sacrifice. Instead of giving way to despair at the cruelty of Fate, she called at Charing Cross Hospital and asked an official to refer to her any medical student who had lost his mother and needed help. Man builds things, but a mother builds men!

What do the Mothers Say?

"You never hear of a poor mother with a big family committing suicide. She is too busy nursing babies to spare time for nursing melancholia and delusions." So said Father Degen in an address denouncing birth control, at Coalville, Leicestershire. Struggle with poverty, he thinks, develops hardihood, self-sacrifice and energy. Theoretically, this sounds good, but we should like to hear the views of the poor, wearied mothers!

A Broken Veteran.

We welcome the co-operation of Dr. Edwin Smith, the North-East London coroner, in the effort to improve the hard lot of old-age pensioners. The urgency of the matter was brought home to the coroner by the suicide of a poor old fellow whose claim to a pension had been "turned down." For three score years and ten the lives of these veterans are the sport of every evil chance. At seventy we break their hearts.

Suicide for Nothing.

The trouble with Nellie Gertrude Tipping, a Wembley girl of twenty-three, was that she took her job too seriously. She was taking home, for safekeeping, £200 belonging to the firm of which she was manageress, when she left the bag in a train. So great was her distress that she took poison, and when she lay dead the money was found as she had left it, intact! Would-be suicides must remember that while there's life there's hope. What a pity she didn't.

The Evening of Life.

No wonder the guid folk of Galashiels are annoyed at the recent behaviour of their new pensions' officer. He has deprived a bedridden woman of ninety years of her old-age allowance because, forsooth, a kindly parish council has had the heart to grant her 5s. weekly, and to engage a nurse to attend to her at a wage of 15s., the latter, in the opinion of this representative of red-tapism, being part of her income. And now the poor old lady goes to the poorhouse. Such heartless officiousness leaves us dumb.

Belated Justice.

The inhuman sentence of two months' hard labour passed by the Kettering magistrates on an old man of sixty-nine convicted of stealing two shillings' worth of rivets was the subject of strong protest recently in JOHN BULL. At first the Home Secretary "could see no reason to interfere," but at length he yielded to pressure, and sixteen days of the poor old chap's sentence were remitted. The episode has not enhanced our respect for Mr. Henderson, who, in a matter of this sort, should have had a mind and conscience of his own.

Two Shillings a Day.

Twenty-year-old Helen Gray, of 3, Reid Street, Springburn, Glasgow, was a twelve-shillings-a-week girl, but she took to a poor yet respectable home a sum equal to twice that amount, making up the difference by pawning the articles she handled in her job as a canvasser for a credit draper. And now sorrowful parents and a faithful lover are waiting for her return to them after her twenty-one days in Duke Street Prison. "Lead us not into temptation" runs the prayer of all Christians, but it savours of hypocrisy when we allow our Trade Board to sanction such wages in industry.

Those Advertisements.

When Scotland Yard officers find time hanging heavily on their hands, we suggest that they could not do better than make research into the bona-fides of many advertisements appearing in different types of papers. There are some that mask thinly a traffic that ought to be suppressed.

Prevention Is Best.

The London County Council fire brigades are being subjected to an intensive training. When does the Council propose to adopt our suggestion of appointing a fire inspector for each locality to explain to householders what they should do in the event of fire, and to recommend safety precautions which may avoid the deadly risk?

The Pipe that Cheers.

The Rev. W. E. Bradley, vicar of Crosthwaite, has suggested that all clergy and laity who smoke should give up tobacco for one year for the sake of raising money for the mission field. He estimates that the sum saved in this way would amount to £2,000,000. Well, that's one way of saving money. But it strikes us that the clergy have to give up so much in other directions that they might have something to say.

Tragedy of Overcrowding.

Only the poor know how the poor live. In Crossland's Yard, Dawgreen, Dewsbury, George Powles and his family had to make their home, herded together so much that one night their poor little six-year-old daughter, Elsie, was suffocated. A nurse had seen the conditions, and it would have been well had she reported to the Corporation that the family were in need of a home. Had one been provided little Elsie might not now be in her grave.

The Human Machine.

CLEARING THE GROUND.

By E. R. THOMPSON, M.A.

I HAVE no doubt that if I could have all my readers in front of me and ask them "What sort of a memory have you?" I should get an amazing variety of replies.

They would range all the way from "Excellent" to "Very bad." Some would tell me that they used to have wonderful memories, but that lately they have noticed a sad falling off in efficiency.

Yet all the replies would be wrong except "Excellent."

The fact is—and I want to state this as plainly as possible—that if you are in good health you never had a better memory than you have at this moment.

Good health, of course, is the first essential. Nothing so quickly lowers the efficiency of the brain as an ailing body.

To those, therefore, who are worried about their memories, I say first of all, "See to it that your bodily health is as good as you can make it."

Secondly, get rid of the poor ideas of your own powers that you probably have.

Believe me, there is nothing wrong with your memory. What is wrong is that you learn badly, learn wrongly, or don't know how to set about learning.

"Learn better and you will remember better" is the motto with which to guide your efforts.

Cleverness has little or nothing to do with it; many very clever people complain of having bad memories.

So if you have persuaded yourself that your memory is bad, be of good heart.

Realise that your memory is all right, and that what you have to do is to learn how to use it to better advantage.

How to do this, will be the purpose of future articles.

A Monstrous Dismissal.

Seven nurses at the Wemyss Memorial Hospital, Buckhaven, have received notice of dismissal for no other reason than that of protesting in a letter to the hospital committee against the stoppage of an interval for luncheon. This stoppage meant that they were continuously on duty from 7 a.m. till 1 p.m. without a break—a state of affairs the nurses did well to protest against. We are glad to learn that legal assistance has been secured to take up the case of the staff, and wish the nurses every success.

Pigmy Mites of the Village.

Bad housing, large families on small means, and consequent lack of food have taken the roses out of the village child's cheeks. Dr. T. H. Corkery has told the truth about anæmic Devon mites to the education committee, and his findings must be put under the noses of our legislators and kept there until legislation is introduced to make village life worth living. When young Hodge is getting anæmic, the backbone of the country is getting spinal disease!

Afraid of the Mud.

A Sunday stroller at Alum Bay, Isle of Wight, wants throwing into the mud at a gap in the cliffs. Four children, the eldest only eleven, were floundering in the mud and sinking. They were saved by the prompt efforts of Battery Sergt.-Major Skinner—more stripes to his tunic—of the Royal Artillery. The gallant Sergt.-Major says that a man to whom he appealed for assistance refused saying, "I can't spoil my clothes." The swine!

Does Loyalty Pay?

A generous reader has sent us £10 for Mrs. Loveday, of Hopwood Street Sub-Post Office, Liverpool, whose son was shot dead defending his sister from an attack by armed robbers. The Government paid the funeral expenses, but declined any further responsibility and did not even thank the girl who resisted the robbers with great courage. Our reader points out that in an exactly similar case in Calcutta the family received a pension in addition to a public subscription. We thank our reader for his great kindness.

The Girl who Paid.

After a heartless betrayal at the early age of seventeen, a child shop assistant of Formby was so agonised by her disgrace that she told no one of her condition, and on the day when lavish attention should have been her lot she gave birth to a still-born child which despair urged her to bury on waste land. "I am not going to send a child like yourself to prison," said Justice Acton, "but I do wish I had to deal with the man responsible." But why, in the name of common-sense, does not the law frame clauses to punish such heartless seducers?

"A Book that should be Burnt."

Dr. Margaret Dobson, M.D., of 10, Seymour Street, W.1, and 27, Uxbridge Road, Ealing, W.5, asks us to state that she is not the Margaret Dobson referred to as the author of "Sex Knowledge" which we criticised recently. It is unfortunate that Dr. Dobson bears the same name as the author of such a disreputable book, a circumstance that has led to obvious misunderstandings. She heartily agrees with our opinion of the publication.

Children in Canada.

Following our exposures of the conditions of bondage awaiting charity school children from this country in Canada, Mr. F. C. Linfield, M.P. for Bedford, asked the Government in the House of Commons what action was contemplated in the matter. A reply was given to the effect that a delegation would sail for Canada in July to obtain first-hand information regarding child migration, especially as to reception, placing and supervision. So far, so good, but it would be better if the Government suspended permits for such emigrants pending the report.

Not to Germany.

We cannot say all we know, but we would warn British girls against accepting positions of any kind in Germany without first making the most searching inquiry. There is a boom in traffic of British girls now, and nine out of every ten in the jobs on offer are suspect.

Slow Business.

D. Ewing, of 30, Amos Street, Seedley, Manchester, is a business agent who canvasses people wishing to dispose of their interests in going concerns, and collects five guineas as a "fee *re* adverts. and expenses." A reader who paid him and could find no advertisement or any other sign of activity on her behalf consulted a solicitor, who extracted from Ewing an admission that he had done nothing to further the disposal of the business and a promise of the refund of the fee. That was weeks ago, but Ewing is still owing.

Damming the Poison Stream.

We are glad to see that the authorities are acting upon our suggestion that correspondence addressed to and from certain Continental concerns should be intercepted. By this means Frank Sproston, a Leicester photographer, was convicted of sending indecent matter through the post, Sir Henry Dickens, K.C., the Common Sergeant, in imposing a fine of £100, declaring that he could not imagine anything more hideous than the things which had been shown to him. This poison stream must be dammed.

Catching Small Fry.

Why do the police seem to angle avidly for small fry and neglect the bigger fish they might easily entangle in their net? Last week Kitty Wise, described as a cook, of Maple Street, Tottenham Court Road, was fined £20 for using her two rooms for disorderly purposes. No doubt she deserved her punishment, but the energy expended in securing her conviction might well have landed in the dock some of the greater traffickers in shame whose establishments are well known to the police. What is the secret of their immunity from prosecution?

A Lure for the Lonely.

Lonely souls should beware of the lure of the Universal Correspondence Club, of Cambridge Street, London, S.W., which advertises inviting them to send a stamped envelope for particulars of membership. Applicants are asked to forward 5s. 6d. for twelve months' subscription, but those who value their peace of mind as well as their money will hesitate to risk either with this precious agency, which so far as we have been able to ascertain, takes little if any trouble to assure itself of the moral character of the members it may introduce one to another.

The Money-makers.

Charles Beresford & Son, of 128, Uxbridge Road, London, W., have joined the army of self-styled public benefactors who advertise homework. They ask applicants to send them half-crowns in payment for their money-making plans, which are apparently embodied in a publication called "Secrets of Wealth, or 520 Money-making Opportunities." Is it not astonishing that anyone in possession of such valuable secrets should be reduced to selling them for half-crowns? Or is it that there are so many mugs about that the selling of them is in itself the most profitable secret of the lot?

Bills of Paradise.

"Bell & Company" have for some weeks past advertised home-work schemes and a house-agency business, and must have collected considerable sums in fees from poor out-of-works and out-of-houses, judging from our correspondence. The concern consists apparently of R. A. Frost and L. A. Spikesman, who print on their note-paper, "Head Office, 15, Paradise Street, Liverpool. London Office, 4, Duke Street, London, W.C." The latter is simply an accommodation address, and we fear that numerous enquirers and complainants who have paid them money will never hear the bells ring, even in Paradise Street.

After the Women.

Roads about Stranraer need to be made more safe for women cyclists to travel than they are just now. And they will be when the prowling sleuth who is molesting women riders is laid by the heels. In one case a lady attacked was only able to escape from the scoundrel because a motor cyclist was approaching. Unless the police get busy they may have a serious crime to investigate.

Holiday Clubs.

From different parts of the Continent so-called holiday clubs are circularising the public, offering cheap holidays, travel and accommodation included, but there is no guarantee that the solicited weekly payments will bring holidays to anybody but the promoters. The best advice we can give readers is not to part with money until they know they are dealing with an honest concern.

"Crooked Road to Riches."

In a recent paragraph criticising a mail-order "specialist," we referred to the advice he gave his customers as to the most suitable papers in which to advertise. In the list is included the *Model Engineer*, and we are not surprised to hear from the editor of that old-established and highly respectable journal that particular care is taken by him to exclude this class of advertisement.

New Life!

A retired officer of the Imperial Indian Police writes as follows: "Thanks for yours. I am very grateful to you for taking up my case with the India Office. It has put new life into me." He had told us of his difficulties regarding his claim to an enhanced invalid pension. If you are in any similar trouble, if your path is so beset with difficulties that your life has become a burden, write to JOHN BULL about it. The result may put new life into you.

Problems of Life.

WHAT IS MATERIALISM?

By the REV. R. J. CAMPBELL, D.D.

WE hear much at the present day about the prevalence of materialism in thought and practice, and justifiably so.

Materialism in thought is believing and acting on the belief that the ultimate reality of the universe is matter, not mind or spirit. Few thinkers are materialists in this sense nowadays.

Materialism in practice is more serious, however. It is a way of living based on the assumption that the only things worth troubling about are those which principally minister to physical comfort and gratification.

The materialist in this sense makes an end of what should be only a means.

He lives for money or other external possessions, for leisure and a good time generally, but not that he may get the best out of them.

His main interest is in sensuous rather than spiritual values; he dwells on objects which pertain to the outer rather than the inner man.

The marvellous increase in our knowledge of the material world to-day is not necessarily materialism.

We may degrade it to base uses or we can employ it to lift mankind to higher levels of living than have hitherto been possible except for the few.

The latter is the urge behind the best social endeavour of our time, but it needs watching or it may quickly degenerate.

To "get" rather than to "be" is the aim of most of us when we cease to be true to our vision.

There is nothing to be feared in material progress if we are intent to make it serve spiritual ends.

As Dr. Jacks says in his book, "A Living Universe": "In the earth there still exists a vast store of material riches waiting to be appropriated, but the immaterial treasure that lies buried in man, waiting for development, is immeasurably greater."

Hafner Hobbled.

Once again the folly of dealing with bucket shops has been shown. A Parkstone, Dorset, man parted with £1,072 to Arthur Hafner, "an outside stockbroker," and never got a share for his money, with the result that Hafner will be inside prison for three years' penal servitude. Twopence a week for JOHN BULL is the only insurance for investors against swindlers.

Uncle Sam Slick.

Some Sam Slick in the great U.S.A. is running a concern known as the Ritholz Spectacle Co., with an address in W. Madison Street, Chicago. Advertisements appear in this country offering to send spectacles on trial without prepayment. A reader who sent for a pair three months ago has not yet had a sight of them, but has received a peremptory demand for payment for goods which have never been supplied. We are ready to give the Yankees every credit for pushfulness in business, but this looks too much like a squeeze.

A Paying Game.

Knight, Crowther & Co., 22, George Street, Croydon, advertise for a home for a paying guest, and write in the most cordial fashion to applicants asking when their client can be received. Unless their charge of £1 1s. for recommending clients is paid in advance, however, the proposed guest does not materialise. As it is obviously impossible for every applicant to accommodate him, we should like to know what service Knight, Crowther & Co. renders to all those who send their guineas only to find that he has been placed elsewhere.

If Winter Comes.

A. W. Shannon, of 82, Camberwell New Road, London, S.E., who advertises for a man to take charge of an office, describes himself to applicants as a turf adviser in the summer and an importer of Continental goods in the winter, and invites them to invest £50 with him in order that he may set up a mail-order business. The winter is still some way off, and Shannon can have little confidence in his success as a turf adviser to be thus early demanding £50 from people looking for work so that he may not find himself without capital in the dark days.

Adam, the Tempter.

Adam Smith, Ltd., the money-lending concern of Shaftesbury Avenue, whose methods we recently criticised, have written inviting us to pay them a visit, concluding their invitation by wishing us every success. We can well understand that our success is a matter of concern to Adam Smith, Limited, but we are not to be tempted into this spider's parlour. By the same post we received a communication from a reader who unwisely took out a Bill of Sale with them for £50, and though to date he has repaid £18 15s., they declare they cannot tell him the exact sum that still remains due!

Peerless Piffle.

The Peerless Co., of Plumstead Road, London, S.E., send applicants for homework a foolscap sheet of windy piffle setting forth at great length what the work is not, but strangely vague as to what it actually is. Although they print a warning, "Beware of advertisers who do not state the precise nature of their work," they demand 3s. before sending their "complete working instructions," and simply offer their "word of honour" to refund the money if their proposition is not genuine. Their "word of honour" may be worth 3s., but we should want to see more before parting with our money.

Slow Business.

"Glebelands" is the pleasant-sounding name of a selling agency established at Exeter for the convenience of home workers desirous of increasing their incomes by their handiwork, who have to pay a subscription before their goods are placed on the market. A reader who sent them many articles received one remittance of a few shillings, and several things were returned as unsaleable, but "Glebelands" still hold goods to the value of several pounds, and though it is admitted that there is money standing to her credit, she is unable to obtain payment.

Dying in the Street

THE man in the parable who fell among thieves as he journeyed from Jerusalem to Jericho, and was left lying half dead in the roadway, seems to have been fortunate compared with many who sustain injuries on the thoroughfares of our modern civilisation.

It is true that two passers-by ignored his pitiable plight, but the third proved to be the good Samaritan who succoured him and conveyed him to an inn, whereas there appears to be no limit to the length of time the injured may remain suffering in the street nowadays before an ambulance or other vehicle is obtained to remove them to hospital.

Recently, in Leicester Square, not two minutes from Charing Cross Hospital, we witnessed an amazing instance of this apparent indifference to suffering and lack of organisation of means of removal for the wounded for treatment.

A woman had been knocked down by a motor-car. She lay bleeding in the centre of a curious crowd, while two stalwart policemen stood guard over her for twenty-nine minutes before an ambulance arrived.

The cause of this delay in the arrival of the ambulance should form the subject of an enquiry by the proper authorities. But, meanwhile, in the absence of the ambulance, why were not other means utilised to carry the sufferer to the hospital just round the corner?

There were other means available in plenty. A dozen or more empty taxi-cabs were standing idle on the rank a few yards away. Why was not one of them summoned for the purpose? Dozens of private motor-cars, roomy and well-upholstered, passed the spot during that long half hour. Did none of them contain a good Samaritan? Or, seeing that the hospital was but a few steps away, a stretcher might have been obtained and the patient carried there in a few minutes. Why was none of these things done?

Have the police no authority to summon a taxi-cab in an emergency, or to commandeer a private car, Samaritan or no Samaritan, whether driven by Jew or Japanese, Levite or Lithuanian, for such a purpose? Or are the constables, so stalwart in appearance, actually so weak that they cannot carry a suffering woman to hospital on a stretcher?

Cannot the community be rid of the red tape which fetters the hands of officialdom but cannot bind up wounds?

Last week an inquest was held at Blackburn on Mary Holden, of Bury Street, Darwen, a woman of sixty-three who caught her clothing on fire and rushed into the street a mass of flames. It was *five hours* before an ambulance could be obtained, and the poor woman remained unattended all that time, and eventually succumbed to her terrible injuries.

It was stated in explanation that word had to be received from the Relieving Officer before the ambulance could be utilised!

Blackmailers' Fiendish Work

NOW that the authorities are increasing their vigilance in regard to the blackmailing pests who batten on wealthy people by threatening to expose them, the bloodsuckers are using new methods which, as we reveal, are more despicable than ever.

SIR ERNEST WILD, K.C., Recorder of London, did a very good service to the community when he recently described the crime of blackmail as "moral murder." The Lord Chief Justice, Lord Hewart, endorsed the Recorder's diction when he increased the punishment of two blackmailing pests who had the impudence to appeal against the sentences inflicted upon them at the Old Bailey.

But there is an even more wicked and cruel form of blackmail in which the victims are people who, unfortunately for themselves, cannot take shelter behind the bulwark of respectability. Its victims are all the more helpless because they are already cruelly handicapped by the knowledge that if their past is revealed their struggle to remain honest may be futile.

* * *

There is at present in Wandsworth Jail a man named Charles Beasley who is doing a term of hard labour. He is really only a boy—just twenty. Under happier auspices he might have been a good citizen, living a decent and respectable life, and a stay and comfort to his relatives.

The truth is that this lad has not had much of a chance in this world. When he was sixteen he committed a dreadful crime. He stole a few sweets from a tuckshop.

Grave and elderly magistrates—who, we hope, had never stolen an apple from an orchard when they were boys—looked with horror upon his appalling act and stood firmly together to save society from such a formidable bandit. They sent him to Borstal for three years.

There he committed another crime, even more dreadful—he ran away. Unless the poets and the artists have been deliberately misleading us, the love of liberty is deeply implanted in the heart of man all over the world, which includes Borstal.

A gentleman of position gave him employment as a valet. He did his work well. For the first time in his life he was really happy. He was making good. A career was opening before him.

The Serpent made its way into his Paradise. He was discovered by an ex-Borstal boy who had known him before he escaped. This fellow demanded money under the threat of exposing to the employer that his trusted valet was a thief.

Beasley gave the man money. He starved himself in his desperate fight for a chance in the world. The blackmailer increased his demands, and finally, terrorised by the dirty scoundrel who was preying upon him, Beasley stole some jewellery belonging to his master. To-day he is in jail. The blackmailer is at large.

* * *

A boy named Alfred Jones had a similar experience. He was at Borstal and, after his sentence had expired, got a job at Hammersmith. An ex-Borstal boy called on him and demanded money with the usual threat of exposing his past. The boy paid up. The blackmailer increased his demands and ordered the boy to steal.

He refused. He was not such a fool as Beasley. A few days afterwards his employer got an anonymous letter telling him that Jones was an ex-Borstal boy, and he lost his job. To avoid his persecutor and blackmailer he went to sea, where he is now doing well.

A girl named Winnie Livermore, a typist, who had a position in the City, was recently charged with stealing money belonging to her employers. She was an ex-Borstal girl and a good typist. But she went wrong time after time. She could not keep straight. She was regarded as "a Borstal failure."

* * *

The truth is that she never had a chance; she was being blackmailed all the time by associates who knew her when she was at Borstal. Detective-Sergeant Rayner of the C.I.D. said that these people lived at Hoxton.

The terrorised girl refused to help the police. She preferred to suffer, rather than to incur the anger of the blackmailing gang, who would certainly find means to revenge themselves upon her. She, too, is again in jail, and is apparently well on the way to becoming a hardened criminal who will spend most of her days in the hands of blackmailers and in and out of prison.

* * *

We are treating delinquents better than in days gone by. But we have nothing to be proud of when we allow those who have expiated their offences to be blackmailed in helpless misery until they again offend against society which punishes them for the very offence from which it ought to protect them.

The blackmailers go scot-free. They are the most vicious parasites in the whole underworld of crime. It would be an honour to the police to round them up and a great satisfaction to all decent-minded people if these blackguards and leeches received a punishment commensurate with the shocking crime of moral murder.

From Comedy to Drama

IF one wanted an example of the pernicious effect upon the theatrical profession of the bogus manager, one could scarcely have a better example than the story of the "Show-a-Leg" Revue.

The other day two young actors, Reginald Dixon and Jack Maurice, stranded and starving at Whitstable, stole some hospital collecting boxes to buy food. They pleaded guilty and expressed regret. Suffering and distress had temporarily driven them off their balance.

Their salaries had not been paid. They had spent the few shillings they got instead of their full wage: they could not get out of the town because their "props" were held up till their rent was paid.

The magistrates took a generous view, when the police stated that the story of the two young men was quite true. They were bound over—and a sympathiser in court handed over enough money to get them out of their trouble.

We looked into this matter. It is the old, old story. "Show-a-Leg" did not show a profit—and at the end of the week at the Whitstable Hippodrome there was only £14 to divide amongst ten people. Dixon and Maurice's share was less than 22s. Their lodging bill was 23s.

Apparently they had not even enough to wire to the Actors' Association, which would undoubtedly have helped them.

A representative of JOHN BULL drew the attention of the Actors' Association to their case. Unfortunately, it did not know who was running "Show-a-Leg," though it was actually anxious to find Miss Henriette Schrier, the lady who was running it and had published an advertisement to this effect.

Miss Schrier ought certainly to be stopped from running theatrical companies in this way. When she arrived at Whitstable she had to get an advance to get her "properties" delivered, and the show was a dismal failure financially.

This is not the first time she has been associated with theatrical companies that have failed on the road.

The actors' profession is naturally anxious to protect its members from people like this, and in that they have the sympathy of the public.

One thinks only of the hardship these things cause to actors: the Whitstable case shows the dangers. Two young men, in desperation through no fault of their own, stood in the dock. They might have been branded for life as criminals.

But what of young women, stranded in similar cases, without food, without money, unable to pay their lodging bills and escape from the town they are in? The moral danger to which they are exposed makes the blood boil. We ask the Actors' Association to act a little more promptly and effectively in dealing with such matters.

For the sake of the stage and for its young womanhood—save them from the appalling perils which lie in wait.

The Parson and the Orange Pips

ORANGE Blossom is associated with ministers and blushing brides. Here is the story of an orange-growing plantation which has had a minister's blessing but whose investors are still waiting for their fruit. They want more than merely the pip!

NO man, it is said, can serve both God and Mammon. This would make a very suitable text for the Reverend Doctor William C. Minifie, Ph.D., Litt.D., from which to preach the next time he is holding a mission at Enfield or anywhere else in this country.

The Rev. William was a director of the Cuba Mission—Evangelical and Inter-denominational—of which the President was the Rev. Dinsdale T. Young, ex-President of the Wesleyan Methodist Conference.

During the war the Rev. Doctor was an Honorary Chaplain to the Forces. In addition to spreading the light spiritually he did a little commercial business. He advised people to invest their money in a concern called the British Cuban Company, Limited, which was stated to own a "Fruit Plantation at Omaja, Cuba."

If you listened to the Rev. William you would form a very high opinion of the profits to be derived from the sale of Omaja oranges. He had not only invested in this company himself, but his bank manager and solicitor has also done so.

Investors were to get 5 per cent. until the oranges made bigger profits, which he estimated to range from 5 to 50 per cent. A friend of his, he wrote, was making a profit of over £100 per acre per annum.

One of his many investors in this country, who naturally believing that so good a man would be a good judge of a good speculation, parted with over £80 in order to share in the orange juice. She would be glad now if she could even get the pips.

The last she heard about the company was that a concern called the Buena Vista Fruit Company, of Boston, U.S.A., had failed to deliver the deeds of the groves purchased from them by the British Cuban Company, Limited. Not being able to get the groves the suggestion was made that the British Cuban Company should get fruit from the Buena Vista Company and make it into fruit juices, marmalade, candied peels, etc.

This would have been all right if the candied peels had come along. But apparently they didn't. The lady naturally wrote to ask why. But she cannot get any reply. It is now over three years since she heard anything from the company, and in her distress she went to Scotland Yard about it.

The only information they could give was that "the firm in question was no longer in occupation of premises at the address given, and inquiries had been made to trace its present whereabouts, but without success."

That was nearly two years ago. The candied peels may be candying all right in Cuba. Neither Scotland Yard nor the unhappy investor know anything about it. A letter addressed to the last private address of Dr. Minifie in this country was returned to her marked "Gone away."

We may add that this reverend gentleman was not merely, as he said, an investor in the British Cuban Company, Ltd.; he was one of its founders. It is a concern with a nominal capital of £5,000, and according to the last return, the registered office is 15, The Ridgeway, Enfield, Middlesex, and the reverend doctor and a Mrs. Ivy Helen Minifie hold most of the shares. That ought to make him all the more anxious to give the required information to the lady whom he induced to put money into this concern.

It is a pity that the British Cuban Company should have difficulties with the Buena Vista Company, and here again we think that the Rev. William could do something to smooth matters out. For he is no stranger to the Buena Vista Company.

Nearly fifteen years ago he was himself actually recommending investors to put money in this business and doing it on a printed heading under the words "Cuba Christian Mission." We protested at the time against this highly distasteful mixture of Christianity and share-pushing, and the Rev. William replied that the use of the Cuba Christian notepaper on company matters was inadvertent and he was sorry for it.

His inadvertence is very persistent. We have before us letters written by him many years later, not only on the notepaper of the Cuba Mission, but also on the notepaper of the International Bible Institute, of which he is Honorary Director. The institute seems to devote itself to Bible study, missionary work in Cuba, and to holding services in halls, theatres and prisons.

It is strange that such notepaper should be used for the purpose of discussing an orange-growing commercial proposition, the fruit of which does not appear to be forthcoming, and the Methodist community would do well to draw his attention to the thoroughly unsatisfactory position with which we have dealt. We think it most unlikely that it can approve of this very strange mixture of piety and plantations, of prayer and marmalade.

Suffering for a Brother

IT will come as a shock to most people that it is part of the police routine in this country to punish the innocent for the real or supposed offences of their relatives. Yet the case of William Bowman proves this to be the case.

Bowman was a postman of Forfar, who disappeared recently under suspicion of having abstracted in the course of his duties postal packets containing cash or other valuables. A hue and cry was raised immediately, and the chief constable of Forfar lost no time in circulating, all over the United Kingdom, bills describing the wanted man and setting out the worst that could be alleged against him.

It is open to question whether this broadcasting outside police stations of the names and addresses of wanted persons is justified by results, but there is certainly not the slightest excuse for dragging into such unpleasant publicity relatives of an accused person, who cannot in any way be held responsible for his misdeeds, and ought not be subjected to the shame and indignity of having their family skeleton cupboard thrown open to the public gaze.

In this particular case, which it seems is not unusual, the police cite the offences alleged against the man, add that he is known to be a heavy drinker, that he was recently convicted at Ayr police court, and then inform the world that this man has two brothers, whose full addresses are given, for what purpose heaven only knows!

But not content with dragging in the brothers, both highly respectable men against whom nothing can be alleged, the police must needs drag into this unpleasant publicity a third innocent person, one named Lawson, whose terrible offence is that he happens to be the landlord of one of the brothers of the wanted man, for it is stated that the address of this brother is c/o Lawson, at an address given in Glasgow. What useful purpose Officialdom thinks it is performing by giving pain to these perfectly respectable and entirely innocent people is past understanding, and the only excuse offered so far is that it is the custom to do this sort of thing. But is it the custom? Where the offender belongs to a more exalted social station, there is no rush to cover the country with placards proclaiming his iniquity, nor are the public informed that he has brothers living at certain addresses and that a certain person is landlord to one of these brothers.

Not so very long ago the police very much wanted a distinguished Army officer, for a series of frauds involving sums far in excess of anything that Bowman can be accused of having misappropriated. There was no blazoning of his iniquity on the walls of town and village, nor were the public told by the police that he had one brother an ex-Minister and one a bishop.

That was only right, but we claim the same right for the innocent relatives of suspects in humbler walks of life.

Crusade for Fools

FROM time to time we have warned our readers against the wily devices of people who offer employment at attractive salaries, but with the dangerous condition that the applicant—before getting the job—should invest money in the concern.

If, in these cases the applicant, instead of merely giving references, as he usually does, should ask for them, he would very often save his money. In some cases applicants pursue the wise rule of writing to JOHN BULL about it.

Our Special Commissioner has been asked by a reader about the National Publishing and Associated Organisations, Ltd., late of 6, Raymond Buildings, Gray's Inn Road, W.C.2, and now of 70, Victoria Street, S.W. Our answer, we hope, lacks nothing in explicitness. We advise him to have nothing to do with it. We think many other people are in the same boat in this matter. They should write to JOHN BULL about it.

On the face of it, the National Publishing and Associated Organisations, Ltd., looks a very impressive concern. Its address from Raymond Buildings, Gray's Inn, carried the hall-mark of respectability.

On its notepaper the National Publishing and Associated Organisations, Ltd., has the inspiring topographical legend: "London—Manchester—Paris—New York." It does not call itself International, possibly out of modesty, or possibly because it has no offices in Manchester or Paris or in New York.

On the same notepaper it claims to be the advertising and editorial office of the *Crusader*.

We think it would be most unwise of people to part with £5 as security for being appointed agents, or for £150–£200 which it asks from applicants for the position of "branch manager."

There is the further objection to such an investment that there are no branch offices, as far as we can learn, except one recently opened at Bristol.

Another £150 investor was to have been made branch manager of another district. When he found there was no branch he naturally wanted his money back. He cannot get it. He got a cheque for salary that was returned by the bank "R.D."

We may add that this company was incorporated on January 3, 1924, with a nominal capital of £1,000, of which only £2 is recorded as having been subscribed. Its registered office is given as 130, High Street, Whitechapel, E.

The moving force behind it is a man called Anthony John Chalmers, also known as Bashame, and Barrington, who has been in prison for obtaining goods by fraud, and who some time ago issued a writ for libel against us. Our reply was that we should be glad to meet him in Court. Since then we have heard nothing from him, but we have heard a great deal about him.

A Final Film Fade-out

MANY people might suppose that once we expose a rascal in JOHN BULL, that automatically brings his career to an end; that the police, presented with the facts in outspoken publicity, act immediately.

Unfortunately it is not so. Great government departments move slowly. We propose in this article to take the public a little behind the scenes and illustrate a difficulty.

On March 10, 1923, we exposed a rogue named Sydney Webber Northcote, of the Northcote Film Productions, Park Chambers, Lytham, Lancs. This trickster got £50 from a man named Carter on the promise of a salaried job which never came off. He also got money from a young woman on a similar mendacious pretext. After he had robbed these people we communicated the facts to Vine Street Police Station.

Nothing happened, except that Northcote started his games again. On March 31, 1923, we exposed him again for taking money from a young woman and for lifting £4,000, a man's savings for a lifetime, to make a film in Madeira and sell it in London. The man is still looking for the return of his money. We pointed out that Northcote was an undischarged bankrupt and invited the police to act. Again the matter was brought to the notice of Vine Street; again nothing happened.

On April 14, 1923, we again directed public attention to Northcote's activities. He got £50 from a down-and-out ex-soldier who is only twenty-three, promised him a job, employed his wife as Mrs. Northcote's maid, then left them both stranded. He also got £100 from three other men. Again we invited the police to deal with him from our information.

On July 14, 1923, we turned the limelight once more on his record. He had stranded several people at Bournemouth and left the Manchester Hotel there without paying his bill. We traced him and his dupes to Swanage. Being tired of begging the police to act, we got in touch with the hotel manager, and the result was that Northcote was sent to jail for three months for obtaining credit without disclosing his undischarged bankruptcy.

When he came out he went to Jersey. The sequel—after an exhange of telegrams between this office and Jersey, and the reproduction of some of our exposures in the *Jersey Post*—was the arrest of Northcote on the charge of obtaining money by false pretences. For the defence Northcote's solicitor denounced this journal in tones of fierce indignation.

We are unruffled. Northcote is not. He was sentenced last week to four months' hard labour.

We are pleased that other possible victims have thus been saved. We should have been better pleased if the police here had acted effectively when we so urgently and repeatedly begged them to do so.

The £24,000,000 Fraud

THE greatest scandal to-day is the fraudulent activities of alien sharks who are ruining thousands of honest traders all over the country. Scotland Yard has hundreds of complaints. How much longer must the public suffer before the swindlers are rounded up?

JUDGE ATHERLEY JONES will not do much to help the commercial community if he carries leniency to the extent he did when he had before him a man named Harry Rothstein, charged with failing to give a satisfactory explanation to the Official Receiver in regard to losses he alleged he had made while carrying on business as a boot and shoe manufacturer.

Rothstein was a Pole, but he had become a naturalised British subject. The judge said that, being a British subject, he was going to get a chance, and he was therefore bound over in £10 to come up for judgment if called upon!

Judge Atherley Jones said that Rothstein had been guilty of a very grave offence from a trade point of view. We agree. He went bankrupt with a deficiency of over £11,000. He bought on credit silk to the value of over £9,000, and sold less than six thousand pounds worth. He could not account for the balance.

Does Judge Atherley Jones know that the trade of this country is seriously menaced by people who go bankrupt and cannot account for the property which has passed through their hands and which ought to belong to their creditors?

Sir James Martin told the Board of Trade recently that he had a list of nearly five hundred persons with foreign names who have gone bankrupt within the last two years. This confirms what is well known in the business community, that aliens come to this country, buy goods on credit, sell them cheap to their friends and, instead of paying for them, go bankrupt. The law must be altered to make aliens guilty of fraudulent bankruptcies liable to deportation.

An Austrian Jew named David Glauberfield, of Old Montague Street, Whitechapel, bought on credit nearly £800 worth of cloth from a Manchester merchant by false pretences. He had previously been three times convicted. He was sent to jail and ordered for deportation. But unless a bankrupt is convicted of false pretences he is not, in the present state of the law, liable for deportation.

Morris Cohen, a wholesale merchant who was made bankrupt in 1908, was adjudicated a bankrupt here the other day with a deficiency of over £40,000. He came from Warsaw. A month before he closed down his business he bought on credit goods to the value of over £25,000. He was drawing £50 a week from his business. He cannot write and can only read a little, but he certainly has some remarkable notions of doing business.

Then there is Archie Koffman, of Polygon Buildings, Ardwick. He came up to London in style and bought over £100 worth of goods from an Aldersgate Street trader. He did not pay for them but pawned them for £63. His place in Manchester is a basement that was rented at 8s. a week, and when the landlord took possession the other day no books or goods were found.

A Russian Jew failed recently with liabilities of over £4,000. The only asset was a bad book debt of £70. He kept no books and his household furniture was claimed by his wife. Another bankrupt, also a Russian Jew, failed for £98,000, with a total deficiency of over £70,000. He stated with regret that his books were inadvertently lost!

In hundreds of these cases the goods obtained on credit are passed on to friends and sold subsequently for the benefit of the bankrupt, who seeks the protection of the Bankruptcy Court to dodge his creditors.

Sir Henry Whitehead, President of the Association for the Prevention of Fraudulent Trading, says that in the last two and a half years something like £24,000,000 has been lost in the textile trade alone in bankruptcies of a suspicious character.

As a matter of fact Scotland Yard is now investigating this wholesale swindle. It is regarded as one of the biggest cases the police have ever handled. It has caused the collapse of thousands of honest traders who have been victimised by this "long firm fraud gang," which is run by aliens under the direction of the notorious rascal now abroad because a warrant is out for his arrest. Several of his agents have been arrested and sent to jail, but their cases have only been dealt with individually. They will not "split" on their friends.

It is essential for the commercial prosperity of this country that the hundreds of alien rascals who are preying on honest traders should be rounded up. In the long run the public has to pay for their depredations. If the textile trade alone is losing through robbery of this kind something like ten millions a year, the man in the street pays for it when he buys his clothes.

Manufacturers ought to be able to protect themselves more successfully than they appear to do. But the situation will never be satisfactory until a clean sweep is made of the alien rogues who have brought swindling in business to a fine art.

Scotland Yard has dossiers of information, including hundreds of complaints. It knows the names and careers of most of the rogues.

The Night Watchman's Story

A POLICEMAN'S lot may not be a happy one, but there is a night watchman in Camberwell who wouldn't change his lot with anybody. He is Mr. E. Morris, whose job is to see that the Camberwell Town Hall behaves itself during the small hours.

But Mr. Morris, an alert young watchman, had been watching our *Bullets* prize-lists as well as the Town Hall, and our big Easter Offer attracted his eye. In fact, it was whilst actually performing his nocturnal duties that he thought out the *Bullet*—"Seems All Wrong—Purse Deciding School Age," with which, last week, he carried off the First Prize of £500.

"I am a single man," our winner states, "but I have hopes in the future of settling down in a home of my own, for which this handsome sum will come in useful. Some of the money I shall be glad of now, and the rest will go into the bank."

Mr. Morris, who had been competing in *Bullets* for some time, tells us that he had won small prizes with previous entries, but that he had never even dreamt that such a huge sum as £500 would be his. Instead of dreaming, he worked steadily at *Bullets* each week, believing—to use his own words—"that perseverance, patience, care and common-sense are bound to win eventually."

The district in which Mr. Morris lives is a very poor one, and the idea for his winning *Bullet* was drawn from his own knowledge of local school conditions. "Little did I think," he continues, "that this passing thought was going to secure a First Prize."

Mr. Morris was wise enough to arrest that "passing thought" and condense it neatly and forcibly into a convincing *Bullet*. Indeed, many of the *Bullets* which are winning big prizes week by week are based on a "passing thought" which might occur to anybody.

For another reader, whose name figured in our prize list, the £25 cheque which he received was a golden key that opened the door to a holiday by the seaside. Last year he was one of the many thousands who spent his "holiday" in the local park, his greatest dissipation being to throw crumbs to the swans on the lake.

And, as the circumstances are now no brighter, he had quite reconciled himself to an equally exciting holiday this year. The *Bullet* cheque has changed all that. He is now enjoying the exquisite joy of studying time-tables and boarding-house lists.

Possibly there are scores of other readers to whom the summer holiday constitutes a problem—"The heart is willing but the purse is weak." Let *Bullets* solve the problem. Win one of the thirty-seven Big Holiday Prizes, and then book your room, pack your bag, and it's heigho for the seaside!

The Man in the Mask

by The Rt. Hon. Sir WILLIAM JOYNSON-HICKS, M.P.

(Late Minister of Health.)

AS Minister of Health in the late Conservative Government, Sir William Joynson-Hicks is naturally critical of Mr. Wheatley's housing plans, and here he contrasts Labour's efforts with the work of his own Party. It is in the development of the Empire that he sees a way out of our unemployment chaos.

BY a skilful perversion of fact, the Socialists have managed to create the impression that they are the Monopolists of Social Reform. Banking on the proverbial short memory of the public, they have snatched thousands of votes from electors who have forgotten that Disraeli *actively worked* for social reform long before MacDonald, Lansbury and Co. started talking about it!

None is more loyal to the flag, and more proud of the ramifications and glory of the Empire, than the Conservatives, but we are not such fools as to believe that such emotions as loyalty and pride can, alone, solve the social problems that face our people. If the Liberals and if the Socialists are social reformers, then they are only latter-day saints of the great church that Disraeli started.

ON the necessity for humane reforms in the interest of the working class the political parties are unanimous. To the Socialists' prayer: "God save the People," we affix a solemn and sincere "Amen." But when we get down from pious aspirations to the practical application of principles of social reform, we immediately part company with the Socialists.

Let us examine the present situation. Despite Mr. MacDonald's desperate repudiation of the label "Socialist," it is undeniable that we have at Westminster a Socialist Government, led by a Premier who is notorious the world over as an advanced Socialist.

According to my view, this Government is an intruder—in fact, an usurper. It has no right to the throne. Numerically, it is far less than the "minority" Opposition of Conservatives; from the point of view of prestige and status there is no comparison between the two.

BUT it knows that hands are near its throat. It lives by a painful economy of breath. Should it make a false step, should it drop for one moment the mask of moderation and act up to its Socialistic principles, it knows that the non-Socialistic forces in the House will don the black cap and the first (and last) Socialist Government will be dead.

And so it is exceedingly circumspect. Its claws are sheathed. Its legislation is anæmic Radicalism, and as such is sure of the support of the Liberals. I do not pay this present Government the compliment of fearing it. My fear is because of the possibility of its being replaced by another Socialist Government independent of the support of any non-Socialist party.

For this reason I urge the electors not to be misled by the misrepresentation of fact that seeks to show that it is only in the Socialism of the Socialists that there is any hope of true social reform. It is the extent to which the public accepts that misrepresentation that will determine the colour of the next Government, which will be either Conservative or Socialist.

IN the first place, it must be remembered that Socialists do not believe in social reform. Socialism is opposed to the principle of reform. In his "Labour and the New World" Mr. Philip Snowden, says:

"If we refuse to believe that the old order is doomed, and if we will persist in attempting to repair its rotten timbers here and there, if we cling to the belief that by patchwork we can give to the old order a new lease of usefulness, we shall only succeed in intensifying ruin and prolonging human suffering . . . we are now called upon to build up a new social order on a new plan."

Socialism stands not for reforms, which it calls palliatives, but for revolution: complete reconstruction of the social system. This is occasionally revealed in those Ministerial lapses that bring the present Government so near disaster.

IT is no use looking to Socialism for true reform. Nothing so moderate as reform will satisfy these rabid followers of the red rag. True social reform was initiated by Disraeli—present-day Conservatives are in direct line of apostolic succession.

We have directed attention (and will do so again when we return to power) to the Housing problem. Under the Conservative Housing Act, passed only nine months ago, many thousands of houses have been built. Two-thirds of this number were erected by private enterprise, which we restarted. That is our method of dealing with the building of houses—its effect is to save saddling the State with a huge financial burden through subsidies.

HOW do the Socialists propose to deal with this problem? They want to build them on the basis of the ill-starred Addison scheme—fling public money everywhere, use up national credit without charging interest, run up the price of bricks, raw materials and wages, then let the houses at an uneconomical rent.

So soon as any ordinary man with a little business acumen looks at that scheme, he sees how hopelessly waterlogged it is. Dr. Addison built two hundred thousand houses at a cost to the country of £8,000,000 sterling each year for sixty years.

All around us are slums. Some of them are the result of deliberate and calculated wickedness on the part of the owner. Most of them are the result of normal depreciation which the after-effects of war have prevented from being caught up. These slums are a running sore in the body politic and throw the lie in the face of our professed Christianity.

The Conservative Party stands for drastic reform of these conditions. Sound houses must be built to replace slum property. In fact, our Housing Scheme is already in operation: six thousand houses have been built, twenty-four thousand are building and sixty-six thousand more have been contracted for. And, as I say, of these one hundred thousand houses two-thirds have been built by private enterprise, only on the small subsidy of £6 a year, payable for twenty years only.

THIS is in marked contrast with the Socialists' expensive scheme. I would like to see this policy carried out and extended: I would continue the grant of this small subsidy for a few years, gradually reducing it until it would be safe to let the building trade stand on its own feet.

The Socialist Party is not in favour of working men buying their own houses. I can understand this. *Every workman who buys his own house ceases to be a Socialist, I am sure. He knows that his little property is the result of his own thought and his own work.* The Conservative Party desires to enable the houses built under its scheme to be purchased by the working man.

Before I leave this subject let me refer to Mr. Wheatley's "Prevention of Evictions" Bill. I see no necessity for this Bill other than the necessity for "dressing the shop window" and "playing to the gallery."

In Manchester, for instance, during a given period there were five hundred and thirty-eight applications for eviction orders, but only thirteen were enforced. And none of the people evicted was out of work. In my opinion, a great deal of the non-payment of rent is due to the "No-Rent Campaign" carried on by the Socialists.

Behind all forms of social unrest and discontent is the grim shadow of unemployment. But we do not believe in the "remedy" of artificial work. The only cure for unemployment is real employment.

So far as I can discover, there does not seem an infallible hope that within the bounds of this country can there be found sufficient sound causes for work to absorb all the labour available. And we refuse to trick the public into a Fools' Paradise. We make no empty promise of waving a wand over the industrial and agricultural centres of the country and creating work where there is no work.

The Rt. Hon Sir Wm. Joynson-Hicks, M.P.

On the other hand, we say: Britain is not the Empire. Within the confines of this vast Empire we can see the wonderful estates of our Colonies and Dominions, much of which is being left undeveloped. Our plan is Empire settlement. The public must be educated away from the parochial idea that regards this right little, tight little island as the limit of our nation. It is but a parish. Across the seas are other parishes—Canada, Australia, New Zealand, etc.—where there are opportunities for work.

Our plan is to develop the Empire so that all the labour of the various "parishes" could be usefully and remuneratively employed. To this end I would advocate the raising of a loan of £20,000,000, and the appointment of a Commission for the express purpose of developing those portions of the Empire, in urgent need of skilled and unskilled labour.

IT will be seen from the foregoing that Conservatism stands for construction, as distinct from the destruction advocated by Socialism. We refuse to regard the workers as cogs in a wheel, as units in a great labour army to be reduced to a common level, and drafted here or there according to the mechanical plans of a Bureaucracy of Labour. We believe in individual self-development and self-expression—every man to his own job.

The workers who are oppressed by adversity, we say, must be helped to better things—not by State charity, but by assisting them to work out their own salvation. This is the only true social reform.

W Joynson-Hicks

CARTOONETTES

and Topical Jingles

by FRANK HOLLAND

A single bout may knock you out
And last but half a minute,
But you can grin, for, lose or win,
"There's pots of money in it."

To bring to life this ancient strife
Once more the Fates combine;
Another row is brewing now
On where to draw the line.

The Government on schemes are bent
To solve the housing crisis,
While profiteers like these one hears
Are putting up their prices.

He couldn't stride a gap so wide
And now he's at a loss,
But soon some friend a hand will lend,
And pull him right across.

SAINTS AND SINNERS

Pen Portraits of Prominent People

by HESKETH PEARSON

STRANGE how very little has been written about the personality of the Premier of Northern Ireland. I think I can give one reason for this, though it may not be the chief reason. He keeps himself *to* himself, never plays the social butterfly, is seldom seen (except officially) outside his own immediate and very exclusive circle of friends. In short, he has never been puffed or "written up" in the Press, for the very excellent reason that he hates publicity and self-advertisement, loves privacy and actually dislikes seeing his name in print.

Even his friends hardly know him. Or, at any rate, they know very little *about* him. He appears to them simply as strong, silent and dependable. He never talks for the sake of talking, never argues, and is a man of settled purposes and convictions. Let us note the effect he has upon you and me—on a chance acquaintance.

FIRST, we are struck by his apparent expansiveness, but within ten minutes we become aware that he merely cultivates that manner in order to get you and me to expand! It is his "confidence trick," his method of obtaining information without giving any away. Next, we are won over by his geniality. But this is genuine. Off-duty he really is a pleasant fellow, always ready for a good story, fond of leg-pulling and not above practical joking. He's genial by nature, not by craft.

Then, too, we are charmed by his seeming acquiescence. He doesn't oppose our views; he defers to our opinions; he appears to accept us at a valuation highly flattering to our vanity. But here we must be on our guard. Otherwise we shall be terribly disappointed. For it will be quite evident at the close of our interview that nothing we have said has influenced him one jot! For all the effect our words have had upon him, we might have spared our breath to cool our porridge.

THIS calm indifference to outside influence, coupled with the manner of a willing and acquiescent listener, is his outstanding peculiarity. The truth is that when he makes up his mind, he makes it up once and for all—and no power on earth can shift him. Hence the strong, silent man idea, the hidden depths and the still waters.

But (and this is a big BUT) his settled convictions are not merely the effect of passing prejudices or trivial judgments. His mental processes, though slow, are very sure, and reflect to admiration the outlook of those he rules over.

He has a very strong sense of the elemental feelings behind every national upheaval, and he appeals to those feelings in others because he is subject to them himself. Though liable to commit blunders, he is just as liable to blunder into momentary greatness. Like all primitive folk, he is occasionally visited by inspiration.

Sir James Craig.

HE is a living contradiction of two famous aphorisms, for he is a hero to his own valet and a prophet with honour among his own people. But he will never strongly impress the races of men beyond the spiritual boundaries of Ulster, because he cannot conceive the existence of a world beyond his mental horizon.

THE SENTENCE OF THE COURT

Health Minister Indicted

by HARRISON OWEN

WHEN charged with neglect of duty through failing to investigate the Spahlinger consumption serum, John Wheatley pleaded "Not guilty" in a manner which suggested that he was less troubled about standing in the dock than by the question of how he stood with his own conscience.

"The case for the Bull public," said Mr. Watchdog, K.C., "can be put quite simply. The accused is Minister of Health. The Bull public pays him an annual salary of £5,000, and in return expects him to keep himself fully informed, and to make proper use of the latest and most efficient methods of combating disease. Of the diseases which ravage our population none is more widespread or more terrible than consumption. One thousand persons in the British Isles are slaughtered by it weekly.

"If someone invented a gun which could deal death and destruction over an area of thousands of miles, a War Minister who failed to investigate the invention would be hounded from office. What, then, is the position of a Health Minister who remains inactive when made aware of the existence of a serum which experts assert can bring hope and health to thousands of afflicted human beings? This claim—of the genuineness of which there is strong evidence—is made for the Spahlinger consumption treatment.

"The young Swiss, Dr. Spahlinger, has beggared himself in carrying out his experiments on behalf of humanity. Now he could become wealthy by accepting an offer from any one of dozens of company promoters. Spahlinger, however, wants hospitals and sanatoria for the poor to have free supplies of his serum.

"The New Zealand Government has already offered to provide him with £50,000 if Great Britain will do the same. The Government of which the accused is a member professes to be more concerned than were any of its predecessors with the welfare of the poor, yet the accused has done nothing. Gentlemen of the jury," concluded counsel, "I leave these facts to speak for themselves."

DENYING that his client had been negligent, Mr. Strawsplitter said that the Minister of Health could not keep track of medical research in the four corners of the earth. Mr. Wheatley's time at present was occupied with the housing problem, but he hoped later to investigate the claims of Dr. Spahlinger.

"I would be the last to minimise the importance of proper housing," remarked Mr. Justice Bull, "but when I think of those 142 British homes which are daily invaded by death through the operations of Death's grim ally, Consumption, I am persuaded that the problem of dealing with this disease far transcends in importance any other with which the prisoner is faced.

"A BRITISH Health Minister who fails to avail himself of all possible means of combating consumption can only be compared with a War Minister who remains inactive while an enemy is devastating the country.

"As this is prisoner's first offence, and he is still comparatively new to his important office, I will postpone sentence for three months. If in that period he makes a serious inquiry into the merits of the Spahlinger treatment he can rely upon the Court taking a merciful view of his past neglect."

Brutes from the Stone Age

by ROBERT HOLMES
(Author of "Them That Fall")

WHAT punishment is three months' imprisonment to a man who has defiled the soul and body of a young girl hardly out of babyhood? Our contributor urges that sterner methods should be used for such brutes. Why not try a sound thrashing? he asks. Temptation to behave like a beast might be resisted if memory held in store the fact that painful punishment rewarded the last offence.

THE other day, a brute stood in the dock to receive sentence of three months' imprisonment after being caught in the act of indecently assaulting little girls on their way from school. Such filthy conduct being his hobby, he had made himself a nuisance in a suburban neighbourhood for weeks.

Then a watchful policeman ran him down. It was by no means his first exhibition of criminal indecency. He had already served three terms of imprisonment for the same sort of thing.

"I'll tell you what it is, Mr. Holmes," said a police superintendent, the father of four little girls, as the creature stepped from dock; "the law isn't severe enough on beasts like him. I reckon such a man as that ten times worse than a thief.

"Three months for corrupting the morals of at least a score of young children! Then, after three months, out of prison and at it again! It is time we had some better way of dealing with skunks of his kidney. I wonder if the men who make our laws realise that when children have passed through what these little things have passed through, they're never quite the same again. In some degree their childish innocence is gone for ever."

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THESE sentiments agreeing well with my own, I inquired what the superintendent might regard as fit treatment for beasts of this kind, and was disappointed. The good man had no suggestion to offer.

It was not his business to mend laws, he said, merely to see that the law was carried out. All the same, he was sure it was time there was a change of some sort.

I will venture a suggestion on my own account. It is true that creatures so degraded are rare. But they are numerous enough to endanger the morals of thousands of little girls, and their number tends to increase rather than decrease.

If their intellect is so low as to render them unable to appreciate the quality of their actions, as those actions appear to persons of ordinary sanity, at any rate they are well aware that their conduct is wrong. The fact that they go to prison over and over again for offences of the same class shows that imprisonment is no deterrent.

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WHY not try a sound thrashing? Temptation to behave like a beast might be resisted more effectively if memory held in store the fact that painful punishment rewarded the last offence, and that future misconduct on the same lines might be rewarded by deeper stripes.

But if consideration for a beast's hide forbids the use of the lash where no bodily harm comes to a child because of his bestiality, why should we hesitate where irreparable injury is done?

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EARLY this year, a woman, with a consumptive husband and six young children maintained by poor relief, took her eldest daughter, a bright-faced little maid of fifteen, to a married man of forty, a tailor, who had advertised for an errand-girl to assist in a workshop where half a dozen other females were employed.

The man, professing deep sympathy for her in her trouble, and engaging her daughter at once, the mother

The Viscountess Rhondda, Chairman, The Six-Point Group, an organisation to protect children.

went home devoutly thankful. As for the child, she was in the seventh heaven of delight.

Seven shillings and sixpence a week seemed a fortune to her. There was no end to the plans she made for bringing brightness and cheer to a home which had been drab enough of late.

All went well for four days. On the Friday morning, the child found herself alone in the workshop with her employer, who said he had nothing for the other hands to do, but made work for her rather than deprive her of the pleasure of taking home a full week's wages. He kept her employed at her usual occupation till late in the afternoon, when he told her to prepare his tea.

As she passed him to put the kettle on the fire, he told her what a pretty girl she was, and asked for a kiss, which she refused. A little while later she went to a peg to reach down her coat and go home. He told her to stay and wash up the tea-things, and while she did that made sure that nobody remained in adjacent workshops, then locked the door.

With the child at his mercy, there is no need to tell what followed. She went home shamed and bewildered. Never dreaming that her master was such a beast, the mother asked what ailed her. She complained of headache, and went to bed. All night she tossed feverishly, never closing her eyes. Her wages seemed all-important. Yet she could never consent to earn them at such cost.

Morning came, and she faced the beast afresh. He inquired if she had said anything at home, and when she said she had not, told her she was a sensible little lass, and, by and by, paid her, and let her go.

She sobbed out the sad tale an hour later, telling her mother all the truth.

At the assizes, the judge held eighteen months' imprisonment to fit the beast's crime as well as any other penalty he had power to impose. Had it been possible for him to order the lash, perhaps he would have done so. It may be said with confidence that all judges detest crime of this sort as peculiarly abhorrent.

Yet the law ordains that it shall be punished with no greater severity than stealing a purse, or forging a signature!

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"THEY ought to tie his hands in front of him, and let a proper man have five minutes with him," a woman said of another brute when he was sent for trial on a charge of incest.

He betrayed his own daughter at fourteen years old, while her mother lay dead in the house, and continued his terrible conduct till concealment was no longer possible.

A mother at sixteen, broken-hearted at the death of her baby, and at the shame of its father's and and her father's imprisonment, the girl was mercifully led to the care of a social worker—a woman who comes near to being an angel. Under her gentle guidance the poor girl found new hope for body and soul. But the father came from imprisonment the same beast as before. Within a month he was endeavouring to persuade his daughter to leave a situation in which she was happy, and minister afresh to his unnatural lust.

To save the girl from further risk, arrangements were made for her emigration. In a distant part of His Majesty's Dominions, she has found a husband who knows her sad history, and who vows that if the father crosses his path it will be the worse for him, while entirely exonerating his wife from blame, as is but just.

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PERIODICALLY, a gentle, graceful woman steps into the witness-box of a crowded court, to testify that a well-dressed, well-groomed beast in dock has failed to contribute to the support of two children, counted by the mother as born in honest wedlock till a day of bitter revelation.

She answers a few questions addressed by the clerk, standing with eyes cast down, determined not to look again upon the face of the brute who deceived her so shamefully, and who, having no money, goes carelessly to two months' imprisonment, while she returns to her babes to struggle for their living with a breaking heart.

In another city, another mother, the beast's lawful wife, endeavours with similar hardship to support little ones whom he brought into the world only to forsake. Six months' imprisonment was held adequate punishment for all this at his trial for bigamy. I suppose he will just continue to go to prison for failing to provide sustenance for his offspring till the wretched mothers tire of the fruitless labour of sending him.

He has as little shame as a four-and-twenty-year-old beast, who asked from dock a while ago that the mother of an illegitimate child should be content with half the sum the court had ordered him to contribute to its maintenance. He stated the grounds of his application with brazen impudence. A second girl had an order against him.

A third had instituted proceedings with the same end in view. To the best of his knowledge and belief a fourth would present a like claim by and by.

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QUITE a minor surgical operation would deprive such beasts of capacity to ruin the lives of women, and I am sure that dread of mutilation after the same fashion would do more than anything else to warn others of the breed against indulging lightly in what, as the law stands, they are apt to regard as a pleasant pastime.

If, for some reason which does not occur to me, it is held inexpedient to deny human brutes power to propagate their species, there is still the lash. A few strokes, well laid on, might do much for creatures devoid of feeling for any but themselves.

Robert Holmes

Candid Communications

(Outspoken Messages to Celebrities, Notorieties and Occasionally Nonentities)

To the Rt. Hon. J. RAMSAY MACDONALD, M.P., 10, Downing Street.

DEAR PRIME MINISTER,—In spite of the German election results, the British Empire expects you to stand firm by the Experts' Reports. No sane person wants to keep alight the fires of international hatred; at the same time there is a consensus of civilised opinion that Germany can and must pay. As it is, she has spent millions on a new mercantile marine which once again threatens our maritime position; while in every country in Europe travellers from Germany are spending money with both hands. These facts cannot be overlooked. Be firm! JOHN BULL.

To the Rt. Hon. VERNON HARTSHORN, M.P., Postmaster-General.

SIR,—I am astonished to learn that a woman letter-carrier at Talybont, Brecon, who has been in the service of the Post Office for twenty years, and is employed for several hours every day, is paid only 7s. a week. These facts were elicited at a meeting of the Aberystwyth Board of Guardians, of which body the Postmaster at Talybont is a member, and the matter arose through the poor woman's out-relief having been stopped. One of the Guardians exclaimed, "Send it to JOHN BULL!" I pass it to you with every confidence, for I cannot believe that you would countenance such shameful sweating.

JOHN BULL.

To Miss LILIAN BAYLIS, Old Victoria Hall, S.E.

DEAR MISS BAYLIS,—As a rule I am not impressed by the granting of honorary degrees. But your case is different. If ever a woman earned literary distinction you have done by your brilliant and successful efforts to keep alight the lamp of culture in the dismal surroundings of the Waterloo Road: For many years you have been a mistress of dramatic art. In dubbing you M.A. the University of Oxford fitly seals your claim on the gratitude of the public. JOHN BULL.

To the Rt. Hon. SIDNEY WEBB, M.P., President, Board of Trade.

SIR,—You seem to have put your foot well into it, this time. You are not aware, you say, "that it is part of the duty of a Government to secure a market for particular manufactures." Is this blatant ignorance or sheer cussedness? Even in a Socialist Government the Board of Trade has one primary function: to assist Trade to enlarge its borders. You are paid quite a fat salary to do the very job that you say is not part of your duty. In any other business you would be sacked.

JOHN BULL.

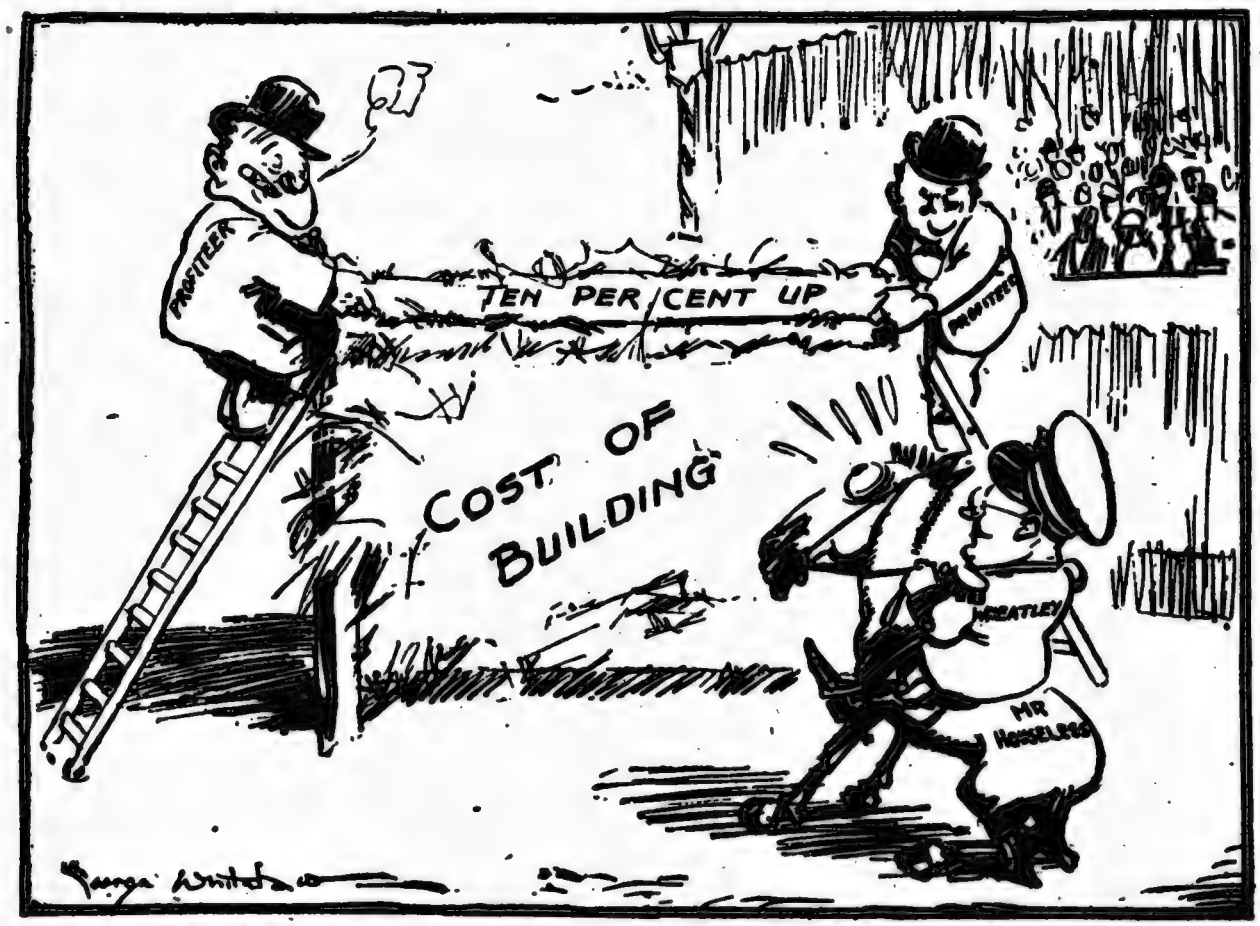
To the Rt. Hon. STANLEY BALDWIN, M.P., House of Commons.

SIR,—"I am not satisfied," you say, "that the people of this country are obtaining their daily food as cheaply as they should. If I am returned to power again I am going to have the most thorough investigation." I have not been satisfied for many years, and when you were in power I repeatedly urged you to undertake such an investigation. Not only did you fail to do so, but you actually proposed to make food still dearer by taxing it. I am afraid in these days only the actual deeds of politicians impress anyone. Fine words have ceased to cut any ice. JOHN BULL.

To the Rev. ALLEN HAY, South Mymms Vicarage, Barnet.

SIR,—I am grieved to find that anyone of your cloth should have it in his heart to bring to the notice of the local Council as something objectionable the fact that ex-Service men under treatment for tuberculosis at Clare Hall Hospital have been permitted to come in contact with the villagers. These poor fellows are suffering severely as a result of their self-sacrificing devotion to duty, yet you apparently would have them ostracised as lepers. I recommend you seriously to study the attitude of the Master whose livery you wear towards the sick and afflicted. Perhaps if you do so you will feel properly ashamed of yourself.

JOHN BULL.



WHEATLEY (to Horse—houseless): "Horsey, keep your tail up!"

To ALFRED LUGG, Esq., Actors' Association.

SIR,—A particularly mean rascal, Donald T. Heaysman, who has frequently been exposed in this journal, has started his tricks again from an office at 36, Dean Street, Soho. This man is a bogus theatrical manager and also a financial shark. While I am watching his investment schemes, I think you might do well to keep your eye on his enterprises. His record is too bad for us to let him carry on unheeded. JOHN BULL.

To SERGEANT CATOR, V.C., Great Yarmouth.

SIR,—You, as a "real soldier," mount a public platform and "curse war and all war-makers." Meanwhile, decrepit old gentlemen, too old to fight, or do anything else for that matter, sit in their clubs and breathe fire and brimstone against other nations. It is not strange to me to hear you curse war. You have seen it in its stark nakedness. You have felt its putrid breath poisoning the soul of man. And as a "real soldier" you curse war. I join with you. JOHN BULL.

To LADY ASTOR, M.P., House of Commons.

MADAM,—The fact that you sit for a dockyard constituency seems to blind your eyes to anything outside its boundaries. To sneer at those who are earnestly working towards international peace and disarmament is not statesmanship, however much it may be—politics. You are too prone to mistake insult for argument. In a world crying for peace and prosperity what need is there to pile up provocative armaments against non-existent enemies? To put the dockyards to commercial uses is merely common-sense. JOHN BULL.

To the Rt. Rev. Dr. THEODORE WOODS, Bishop of Winchester.

SIR,—It has been my pleasure to observe the sanity of your religion for several years past, and am glad to note that your new position has not by any means spoiled you. Addressing the members of the Post-War Brotherhood the other day, you declared that unless we climb to higher levels in international affairs we shall be heading straight for the hell of the next war. I agree with you that if we do not make strides towards universal peace we had better get revolvers and blow our brains out. If the Church will hit straight from the shoulder there is a chance of sweetening the world. Keep at it. JOHN BULL.

To Sir EVELYN CECIL, M.P., House of Commons.

DEAR SIR,—I have little sympathy with your Bill which seeks to impose an official censorship on newspaper reports of divorce cases, and similar trials. The responsible Press can be trusted to look after its own morals in the matter, and for the rest there already exist ample legal safeguards. But even I am forced to admit that you have some excuse when I see the disgusting way in which the newspapers are handling the Crumbles murder. To publish photographs of everyone, even remotely connected with the case, is to offend good taste and come perilously near to contempt of court.

JOHN BULL.

To THE CHAIRMAN, Aberdare Urban District Council.

SIR,—My attention has been drawn to an official announcement that your Council require the services of a disabled man to assist in the control of the baths, boats, tennis courts and bowling greens in the Aberdare public park, and carry-out such other duties as may be required, at a weekly wage of 30s.! Seeing that any man with more than 20 per cent. disablement, the pension for which is only 8s. a week, would obviously be unfitted for such duties, the wage you propose to pay constitutes a shameful scandal.

JOHN BULL.

Without Fear or Favour

THE BIG BLACK PROFITEER

An Eight-hour Day

BARE mention of the eight-hour day in the hearing of many is like a red rag to a bull. At once they turn up the whites of their eyes and prate of "the inherent idleness of the workers." Never was there such short-sightedness.

The truth is, of course, that such people are never anything but hardened materialists. It can be shown, however, that leisure no less than labour has a positive industrial value.

A man's productive output is not measured by the amount of time he spends with his tools. The tired worker is a bad worker. Well-spent leisure may become a positive factor in production. It may be the means of adding definitely to the national wealth. In that case there will be more dividends for the investor.

But given an eight-hour day, will the workers employ their leisure wisely? Upon this point the example of Sweden is instructive. In Sweden an eight-hour working day has been enforced for some years as a national maximum. As a result, the workers in their thousands have turned to educational pursuits, there has been a vast increase in the formation of evening schools, and an ever-widening enrolment of students. The allotment garden movement has made great strides, and there has been an all-round quickening of interest in sport, art, and music.

It would be the same in Great Britain, but the workers must play the game. The legal eight-hour day must be an honest day's work without mischievous "ca'canny" devices to limit output. British industry has no room for slackers. But it can afford decent leisure to honest workers.

The People's Will

ONCE more the House of Commons has failed to rise above the pettiness of Party feeling. By universal consent the present electoral system fails to secure the proper representation of the people. On both sides of the House are scores of M.P.s who represent, not a majority, but a minority of their constituents.

Yet when the Liberals introduce a measure which would have the effect of altering this undemocratic state of affairs, the Bill is treated merely from the standpoint of Party advantage, and the Labour Party makes common cause with the Conservatives to destroy it. The whole thing is despicable.

The Government professes to worship almost as a god the will of the people. Under the present system of voting that will can never really prevail. The Proportional Representation Bill, no matter from what quarter of the House it emanated, ought to have been adopted by the Government and every facility given for its passage.

Nation Held to Ransom

IT has been clearly proved by the Government that we are paying far too much for our coal. This shameless profiteering must be stopped immediately, and we call on the authorities to take action.

HIGH hopes have been raised by the announcement that the Board of Trade has a rod in pickle for the profiteers. But in a matter so closely touching the well-being of its citizens, the nation will not be content with a "moral gesture." The Government will be held to its pledges.

The tax-collector is not the only enemy of the consumer. It will be idle to reduce or abolish food duties if purchasers of life's necessities are to be left naked to the mercies of the profiteer.

The decision of the Board of Trade to investigate the whole question of retail prices is the sequel to Mr. Emanuel Shinwell's inquiry into coal prices.

Owing to constant complaints from consumers, the Minister of Mines invited the leading coal merchants to a conference in Whitehall at which it was hoped to elicit the truth. But the profiteer is a coy bird. Mr. Shinwell was "not met with frankness." The coal merchants, however, gained nothing from their strategy. There are practical men in the present Government, and for some months past they have been busy finding out things.

THE result of these investigations into the great coal ramp may be summarised as follows:

The public is paying a great deal too much for its coal. The coal merchants' pretence that these high charges are necessitated by freight and labour costs is untrue. There is a vast amount of shameless profiteering in the supply of coal, both for industrial purposes and for domestic consumption.

From these ascertained facts certain damning conclusions follow. Again they may be briefly summarised:

Excessive and dishonest coal prices are largely responsible for the present high cost of living. Not only do they impose a crushing burden upon the domestic consumer, but by increasing the cost of manufacture in every industry using coal they hamper the export trade and aggravate the evil of unemployment. Similarly, dear coal swells railway and shipping freights and adds to the cost of all sea and rail-borne necessities of life.

The Government must act and act swiftly. This is no kid-glove job. What is needed is a bruising encounter with the robbers whose depredations are at the root of half our industrial troubles.

WE have no space to catalogue the shady financial manœuvres—gambling in "futures," etc.—which have played their part in the great coal ramp. The Government must get to the bottom of the whole evil business.

Not only is coal dear; it is frequently bad. All kinds of rubbish, rejected by the "screeners" at the collieries, is bought in bulk and mixed with good coal for the sake of greater profits. These robbers will stick at nothing. They must be treated as the criminals they are.

We anxiously await the draft of the Profiteering Bill. There must be no more shilly-shallying. Coal is not the only commodity in respect of which the nation is being held up to ransom by a gang of bloodsuckers. No measures should be considered too drastic if they are calculated to stamp out this evil.

British industry is in the grip of the garrotter and there will be no progress till the miscreant is laid by the heels.

Good Times Ahead

THE latest returns of the joint-stock companies provide an excellent tonic for the dismal Jimmies and jaundiced Jeremiahs who fill the spring air with their lamentations. Last quarter the profits of 419 industrial enterprises in Great Britain showed an increase of £3,227,853, representing an advance of 8¼ per cent. on the figures for the preceding three months.

In certain lines progress has been by leaps and bounds. The profits of the tea companies have gone up by 57.3 per cent., and of electricity undertakings by 23.8 per cent. Such hefty "straws" are clear evidence of the freshening breeze of prosperity.

There is, however, one aspect of these eloquent figures which demands public scrutiny. It is not to be expected that working men who read this glittering tale of profit will consent to leave the whole of the money in the hands of the lucky capitalist. The trade unions will be swift to note that in the first quarter of 1924 the average dividends on the ordinary shares of the companies listed was no less than 9.6 per cent., while 22.3 per cent. was carried to reserve.

It cannot, for a single moment, be maintained that the wages of the workers are commensurate with these dividends. Unless the employers are wise enough, to say nothing of justice or generosity, to redress this inequality, the new wave of prosperity will bring in its wake a backwash of industrial disputes.

Far better a graceful concession to the reasoned demands of Labour than the bitterness and futility of successive strikes.

Cat for Cruelty

THE Annual Report of the Royal Society for the Prevention of Cruelty to Animals is a disquieting document. It shows that in 1923 the Society investigated 18,470 complaints as against only 15,335 in the previous year.

Does this mean that cruelty to dumb creatures is on the increase? The Society, it appears, is apprehensive in the matter, and its president, Lord Lambourne, one of the kindliest of men, argues strongly for sterner penalties. The Report before us would certainly appear to furnish solid evidence for the belief that the punishments at present meted out for these offences do not act sufficiently as a deterrent from cruelty.

It is a melancholy reflection that civilisation should be making little progress towards the humane treatment of the brute creation. Lord Lambourne advocates the "cat" for the worst offenders. We shall shed no tears for its victims.

Bathing in the Dining-room

by A GENTLEMAN WITH A DUSTER

(Author of "The Mirrors of Downing Street," etc.)

DEMOCRACY is cutting off its nose to spite its face, says our contributor. At a time when it is conscious of needs never felt by its grandfathers, it is deliberately slowing down the production of goods, so that there is less to divide when more is wanted.

Rt. Hon. John Wheatley, M.P., Minister of Health, whose attention is drawn to our contributor's problem of the Builders and Miners.

AN HOUR ago I was talking to a woman whose husband has been stricken by a dreadful disease. She is young, and the mother of a child. She came to tell me that a London specialist has pronounced her husband's case to be hopeless.

What could I say to her? Every day she must fight the battle of life single-handed. Her husband will never again be able to work for her. On the contrary, he will increasingly need her care. She must not only work to earn money, but also nurse her young husband and look after her child. Imagine the shipwreck of all her hopes and ambitions. Imagine the pain which has crept into her heart, not strangling her love, but attempting to mock it.

I might have said to her: "Evidently God is a monster. I hope you will cease to believe in such a cruel hypothesis. Henceforth you must regard religion as a dope. The only thing you can logically do is to rail against the theory of Providence, and to denounce as a hypocrite and an enemy of truth everyone who has believed in God from Plato to Pasteur."

This would have been to adopt the Communist's attitude towards society. It would have been to say to this woman what scores of my correspondents say to me in letters concerning the social system.

BUT I said to the poor woman, carefully avoiding a display of emotional sympathy, which would certainly have brought tears to her brave eyes, that I know men stricken with exactly the same disease as her husband's who, nevertheless, within their restricted physical conditions, contrive to live extraordinarily active lives, making their minds do for them what their muscles can no longer achieve. I gave her one or two examples. I persuaded her to believe that even now her husband may enjoy human existence, that he may actually assist her in earning money, and that there are many among her friends who will cheerfully endeavour to provide both her and her husband with the means of earning daily bread.

Surely this was a wiser comment on her tragic information than any melodramatic appeal to atheism or any hysterical condemnation of the Universe. Does any man in his senses suppose that the Universe winces when we accuse it of injustice, or that the Creator alters His eternal plans when somebody like John Morley or Lenin ceases to believe in Him?

I ASK certain of my correspondents who are very angry with the social system, in particular J.M.M., of Pontnewydd, and J.E.A.B., of Bournemouth, to consider whether they are not in something of the same position as a man stricken with a painful and incurable disease who straightway abandons faith in God and devotes himself to the art of blasphemy. Such a proceeding may be justified on intellectual grounds, but it cannot possibly relieve the mind of its distresses. The number of microbes in the world will not be lessened by accusations against Creation, nor would any effect cease to follow its appropriate cause even were the whole of humanity to deny the existence of natural law.

J.M.M. is angry in particular with the domestic conditions of the mines. He is a miner's son and for some time was himself a miner; he knows what he is writing about, and we must read with respect what he desires us to know; in fact, it is a part of our social duty to attend to any complaint uttered by an honest member of the community. This is what he says:

"Are you aware, sir, that in most miners' cottages the only place in which to bath is the living-room, where the operation is performed before the whole family? Think of it! A group of girls, of all ages, witnessing their fathers and brothers, and in many cases lodgers, perfectly nude, undergoing this daily hygienic performance. There's decency for you!—not to mention fastidious morality!"

THAT is the complaint. Few of my readers, I hope, will feel that there is no reason in it. Most of them, I am sure, will share the writer's horror for such a state of things. But observe what follows:

"Here are the people who need more than any others a decent means of cleansing their bodies denied the convenience, while the clean-living—not necessarily in a moral sense—have luxurious bathrooms in which to disport themselves."

This is as if the man smitten with incurable disease should hurl the thunderbolts of his irony against those who are strong and well. What good can it do to the bathless miners to rail against Sir Harry Lauder or Senator Marconi or Mr. Bernard Shaw, because, presumably, they possess luxurious bathrooms? Is there not a wiser way of looking at the matter?

My correspondent says that the miners are "denied" the convenience of a bathroom. I beg him not to think me lacking in genuine sympathy if I inquire, "By whom are they denied this convenience?" Is it not true that the operatives of the building trade sturdily and obstinately refuse to build houses within the means of the average workman, the average clerk? Let us suppose that ten miners in a village decided that they would make every possible sacrifice to get built for them ten decent cottages, each one equipped with a proper bathroom. Will my correspondent say that there is a builder in the country who could persuade his bricklayers, carpenters, and slaters to erect cottages at a cost which would bring them within the means of the miner?

If J.M.M. should answer, "That is the scandal—the scale of the miner's wages," one can only say that if bricklayers and carpenters have to pay more for their coal they will certainly call for another rise in their earnings.

IT is not individualism which is at fault, nor is it a system which is responsible for such miseries. The trouble surely is that at a time when democracy is conscious of needs never felt by its grandfathers, it is deliberately slowing down the production of goods, so that there is less to divide when more is wanted. In homely words, democracy is cutting off its nose to spite its face.

Instead of making the best of things, like the sick man, it is going out of its way to make them infinitely worse—and worse for itself.

The Bolsheviks of H

It is no joke to set men against one another and aggravate social bitterness.

Mr. A. M. Thompson, the well-known writer on Labour and Social topics.

ONE of the most regular jokes of the funny men of the Piccadilly school is based on the pretence that workmen never work. An equally perennial retort by humorists of the Whitechapel school is based on the equally facetious and delightful pretence that employers who profess any sort of interest in the welfare of their workpeople are hypocrites akin to "the crocodiles that shed tears when they would devour."

A characteristic example of the former type of humour appears in a Sunday paper:—

> **A sixty-year-old bricklayer has just gone in for writing poetry. Isn't he rather old to start work?**

Brilliant wit! Splendid impudence! To appreciate its full flavour, it is needful to believe that when a bricklayer is seen on a scaffolding a hundred feet above the ground in bitter winter weather his object is not, as one might suppose, to build a factory chimney, but merely to enjoy himself and see the snow fall, while the chimney and adjoining houses grow from seeds of wisdom dropped by bright young humorists. If the joke means anything, that must be what it means.

But the experience of persons who keep their eyes open does not commonly justify this belief. I met a builder's labourer this morning who was walking, with his wife and two little girls, from London to Tonbridge. On his back he carried a sack, and his wife had a bag: these contained the whole of the family's worldly possessions. They had completed eight miles of their journey when I saw them.

The man tramped on stolidly, with a steady, soldierly stride, and the children still revelled in the freshness of the unaccustomed grass and daisies; but the little mother, overweighted with her burden, trudged on distressfully.

The man, in answer to my question, said that he had heard of a building job at Tonbridge and was hoping to get work. A humorist of the sparkling Piccadilly school might have roared at this joke. But I looked at the sack, the bag, the tired wife, the careless children, and felt more inclined to take off my hat and give thanks that

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Parasites at Your Pocket

by A. G. GARDINER

DISCUSSING profiteering, A.G.G. says the universal exploitation of the consumer must be stopped if trade is to revive and reasonable conditions of life are to be secured. Instead of combines having a stranglehold on the consumer, Parliament should put a stranglehold on the combines.

THERE are signs that the world is on the mend. The atmosphere of things is brighter and clearer, trade is beginning to put forth new shoots, and if the scheme of the experts goes through and Europe is set on its feet once more, there will be a burst of summer at last.

The unemployment figures are steadily declining all round. Since the beginning of the year the unemployed in the engineering trade in the Birmingham district have decreased. There is movement in the shipbuilding trade. The boot trade is distinctly healthier, the coal trade of the Tyne better than it has been for a long time.

So far well. But there is still a lot of grit in the machine of things and much cleaning up to be done before the economic life of the nation can go full steam ahead again.

PROFITEERING is an example. This is the greatest domestic curse that the war has left behind it. It is not peculiar to this country. It exists in every country. It is as prevalent in France and the United States as it is here; it is far more prevalent in Germany than anywhere. It is the poisonous fruit of the war. Wherever there is a battlefield the vultures are gathered together, and Europe having been such a battlefield as the world has never seen, it naturally follows that the vulture tribe is more in evidence than ever before in living experience. The predatory instinct in man is strong. In normal times it is kept in check by the organised restraints of society, but when the ship is wrecked and given up to loot it is the hard-faced men who come to the top. It is the activities of these hard-faced men which are making it so difficult to salvage the ship and get it afloat again.

The war enabled them to get the consumer by the throat, and they have no intention of letting go. They swarm in every industry and have the stranglehold on the producer on the one hand, and on the consumer on the other. They are the parasites of industry. They toil not, neither do they spin. They do not create things: they manipulate them. They form conspiracies to control the commodities of life, and having got the control, they squeeze the consumer at will.

THEY do not increase trade. They diminish trade, for in making prices artificially high they decrease the purchasing capacity of the public and lower production. The interest of trade is an abundant production on a narrow margin of profit in a free market. The interest of the profiteer is to limit production, control the market and create scarcity prices.

The evil effects of this curse upon the consuming public and upon trade are known to everyone and denounced by every party. Mr. Baldwin said the other day that if he were returned to power he would have a thorough investigation into the question of retail profiteering. "I want to know," he said, "whether, during these times of unemployment in this country, it is a fact or not that goods are bought owing to the depreciated exchanges at prices a quarter and half of those at which they could be sold in this country, and that practically the whole of the profit goes into the pockets of the middlemen, and not into the pockets of the consumer."

Let us have investigation by all means; but what we want more than Royal Commissions is ruthless action. Royal Commissions are generally only an expedient for evading action. Mr. Sidney Webb, the President of the Board of Trade, is understood to intend action, and to be engaged in the preparation of a Bill to deal with the evil. Let him make it a stiff Bill and he will have the thanks of the country and the support of Parliament. There are plenty of profiteers and friends of profiteers in the House of Commons, but there are fewer than there used to be, and Parliament is ripe for a drastic offensive.

Rt. Hon. Sidney Webb, M.P., President of the B.O.T., who is drafting a Bill to deal with Profiteers.

Mr. Webb will not need a Royal Commission to give him the facts. They are open and flagrant. The pigeon-holes of the Board of Trade are crammed with them, and the newspapers record them every day. It is doubtful whether even the reduction of a tax finds its way into the pocket of the consumer. There is 4d. off tea and 1½d. off sugar, but has the housewife got the full benefit? Is there no connection between the fall in the price of these things and the rise in the price of butter and bacon?

OR take the case of houses. Here is the whole country ringing with the old story of the famine in houses. The Government announces a scheme, the latest of many schemes, to deal with the problem. It is not a good scheme, for it seems to leave the building combines with a free hand, and refuses to call upon the trade unions to relax their restrictions in order to provide the labour.

But what is the result of the scheme so far? It has sent prices "soaring sky-high," in the words of the Chairman of the Wandsworth Housing Committee. The building rings, which have defeated every previous housing scheme by their plunder, scent the prey from afar. They have grown fat on the money poured out by the taxpayer under the Addison scheme, and now they are preparing to swallow Mr. Wheatley. The cost of building materials has increased so much at the mere announcement of a new Government scheme that houses which the Wandsworth Council have built at £434 each would now cost £548, representing an increase of rent of roughly 3s. a week. What is the effect of this brigandage? It simply means that industry is checked, people who would like to build dare not build, the house famine is not diminished, and the building rings alone prosper, not by making things cheap and plentiful, but by making them scarce and dear.

THE same in regard to coal. It is three times the price it used to be, and every industry suffers in consequence. But labour is not getting three times or twice the wages it used to get. Where does the leakage go except to the middleman who manipulates the market? One may go through the whole range of necessaries and find the same phenomenon everywhere—the profiteer controlling the supply and the public paying famine or semi-famine prices.

This universal exploitation of the consumer must be stopped if trade is to revive and reasonable conditions of life are to be secured.

iks of Humour

by ALEX. M. THOMPSON

men should be willing to do so much to make the world habitable and comfortable for me and my class. And I wondered whether the bright young men who write funny paragraphs about bricklayers would have laughed very merrily if they had set out on such a quest with such a fortune and such "encumbrances."

An example of the other kind of joke appears in a Labour paper. The manager of a factory who was compelled to sack men had "pretended" that it hurt him to do it. Thereupon the jolly Labour humorist conceived the delightful idea of a company's secretary sending for a new box of cigars, because "the manager had wept all over the others." Very clever and amusing, of course. But even here I was able to restrain my mirth.

I recalled the case of an old friend who also had been compelled to discharge men. Some of them had worked with him for twenty years, and the worry of turning them adrift had so preyed on his mind that his wife had thought it expedient to hide his razors. "It's almost as bad to him," she explained to me, "as breaking up the home. I don't know what's to become of him." Thus even amongst the "capitalists" human nature sometimes survives.

It is unhappily true that shirkers abound in all classes—even amongst the bright youths of Piccadilly. But it is *not* true that the typical British artisan would rather sponge on his fellows than work. It is true that there are profiteering hogs whose one and only aim is to batten on other people's brains and brawn. But it is *not* true that all employers are built that way. It is *not* true that the majority of our countrymen, in any class, are freaks devoid of honour, kindness, or decent human feeling. If it were true, what hope would there be for Britain and the future of our race?

It ever was the way with our people to belittle themselves. We have a way of implying our strength by making fun of our weaknesses. That is our national humour, and humour, when it is good-humoured, is a precious gift.

But it is no joke, in this time of national difficulty and unrest, to set men against one another and aggravate social bitterness with provocative class libels.

Such heartless facetiousness is neither funny nor healthy, but mischievous, treasonable, and damnable.

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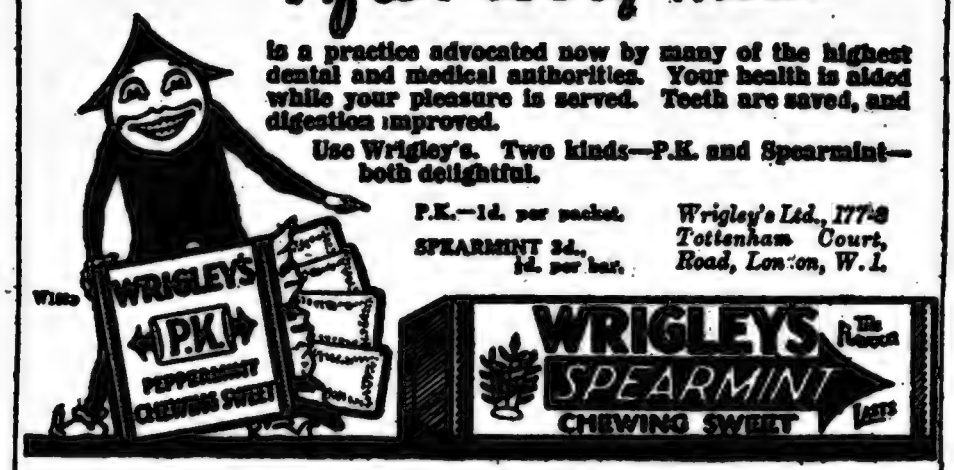

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ABOLISH RATES & POVERTY!

Work the Gold-mine Hidden in the Land of the Country!

by T. ATHOLL ROBERTSON, M.P.

THE reorganisation of the Land Valuation Department, announced in the Budget, foreshadows the reopening of the vital principle of taxation of land values. This reform would, in the opinion of the writer, relieve unemployment, reduce rates and taxation and solve the housing problem.

"LAND" and "taxation" are two subjects which always excite interest in any civilised country. Taxes and rates are throttling the community, and yet there is in the hand of this country a gold-mine awaiting to be worked. It only requires a courageous Chancellor of the Exchequer to say the word, and that word could be said in the next Budget. On a date to be agreed upon, the Crown, as trustee for the people, would collect, say, 50 per cent. of the economic rent of the land from the owner.

This revenue would take the place of many taxes at present levied, and reduce many others. It is estimated that the land tax would take the place of all local rates and income-tax on property. The abolition of the local rates would result in more houses being built than any subsidy hitherto suggested.

What about the landowner? Small landowners, for instance, the man who owns his own freehold house, would be infinitely better off than at present. Even large rural landowners, like the Duke of Buccleuch, would obtain such relief in their other interests that they would receive a larger net income than under the existing system.

The Real Path to Employment.

Unemployment is our great domestic concern, and a greater danger to the country than any foreign navy which rides the seven seas. A tax on land values is the first step towards its cure. We can start relief works, make roads, canals, electrify railways, restore our overseas trade, and all the other wonderful schemes some politicians are continually talking about. But all these are mere palliatives, and do not strike at the root of our unemployment.

In fact, many of our National schemes simply increase land or site values all around, where the improvement is made (like the arterial roads), and the private owners grab that increased value.

Land values are created by the people coming to live and work on, and around land. The enormous land values in the centres, and often in the residential areas of large cities depend, mainly on, and are created solely by, the population settling on these particular places.

As population increases, so does the cost of our civilisation, and we have to pay for drainage, water, public lighting, police, etc., if the community is to be free from pestilence, and the place made safe to live.

As the standard of social life rises, man longs for such municipal "luxuries" as free libraries, baths, museums, parks, open spaces, and cheap and convenient means of transport. All of these things tend to attract and retain great masses of people in given areas. These things cost money, which we describe as "taxes." There is a very close relation between population and public expenditure, as well as between population and land value.

Nature's Gift to Mankind.

Land value, or economic rent, is an expression in terms of money, of the natural differences existing, or which are socially produced between one bit of land and another. The difference in fertility between an acre of light, sandy land in Norfolk, and an acre of heavy clay land which grows magnificent wheat crops in the carse of Gowrie is a difference due to Nature. Each represents what may be called a "natural opportunity," but they are of different values for purposes of cultivation.

Slate quarries in North Wales and deposits of earth for brick-making around Peterborough are useless for cultivation, but they have an ascertainable value all the time. These and many others are Nature's gifts to mankind, and there is no semblance of justice upon which we can justify their monopoly by some, to the exclusion of all.

We cannot all live in a double-fronted house facing Hampstead Heath, or secure business premises in Bond Street, or plough the best loam in Hampshire, so "economic rent" comes into play as an equalist, operating by means of competition, and fixing the price to be paid by those who enjoy the greatest advantage.

A Dividend for the Nation.

One million and a half of our people demand employment, and quite as many urgently require houses to live in, and bring up their families.

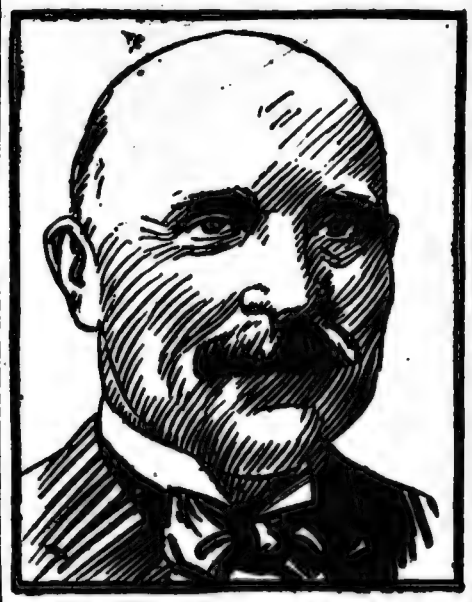
If we started work on the land mine now, the nation would receive a handsome dividend in increased employment, cheaper houses, and lower rents. The prospecting work is all done. The valuable deposits of land are in sight, and the various grades of land vary in value just as the ores in a gold-mine.

One piece of land is worth more in economic rent than another. The mountain tops of Sutherlandshire, which the Duke proposed selling to Mr. Lloyd George, would be valued exceedingly low, as compared with the site of Devonshire House.

We have to value the whole of the land of the country. It is strictly limited in quantity, and land as a commodity should never be compared (although it often is) with any other commodity. A large percentage of the total land value of Scotland is situated on the foreshore of the River Clyde, a value contributed to by the whole of the people of Scotland.

It is the same with the values of the City of London. A Colonial merchant rents an office in the City to market the produce of the wheat lands of the Far West of Canada.

A Yorkshire or Lancashire spinner seeks a warehouse to handle the output of piece goods from his Northern looms. The china-clay merchant from Cornwall looks for a counting house. The City of London is the hub of the commercial world. Every town and shire contributes something to its value. The miner, the engineer, the ploughman, the



Mr. T. Atholl Robertson, M.P., President of the English League for the Taxation of Land Values.

workers by hand and brain in all sorts of remote parts of the country, have made the value of the City. What a competition for room and for the opportunity to use land!

The landlord sits tight all the time, and when he reckons the dredger he is using is full enough of gold, he grabs the value thus created by the industry of the community and carries it off.

Crushed by Weight of Taxes

The community is being crushed by the weight of rates and taxes on that which they produce, and the one big value—land value—which they assuredly create escapes all the time.

How unfairly the whole system works! A grass park bordering a large city is let to a local butcher for a few pounds per annum as accommodation land, while a huge board announces the fact that this land is to let, or sell for building purposes. The very board rots and decays, generations of men come and go, but the land remains. The value the butcher pays to accommodate his cattle is in no sense the value, and if perchance it is rated as agricultural land, the fortunate has three-fourths of his rates paid for him out of the pockets of the landless ratepayers.

Think for a moment: If this land was rated and taxed on its true economic value, what would happen? The landlord would not go on paying rates indefinitely on something that did not yield a proper return; he would be compelled to let or sell the land to someone who would put it to its best use, or use it so himself. This would mean employment, houses and factories would spring up, roads, drainage and lighting must be done, there would be jobs for men.

People would come and live in the houses, houses built all the cheaper because land was being forced into the market all over the country—rents would be lower—the baker and the butcher, the grocer and the draper, would open shops to supply the new population. The education authorities would build a school, and we would be developing that gold-mine of land which belongs to us all.

Great Britain's Gold-mine!

The value created by this development on the undeveloped land around would accrue to the people themselves. The tax on wages would go, and the attraction of 160 acres of land in Canada would be small compared with the attraction of developing our own resources in the old country in the interests of us all.

The monopoly value of land would be squeezed out, and instead of sites being held up, and users begging the landlords for the opportunity to use land, the landlords would be searching round for users.

The gold-mine we want to work is on the surface of these islands. It is the thousands of undeveloped and underdeveloped acres of this old country of ours.

Under a uniform and universal tax on land values, the huge values created in centres like London would contribute to the service of all.

May the Chancellor establish, and see that the Valuation Department functions. Complete the valuation—the value is there, and is enormous. Impose a tax on that land value, and we can take the rates off houses, factories, shops and every other improvement, and no man will be penalised for using his land well.

A tax on land values would mean the development of our own country, and would usher in a new era of prosperity and contentment. Let us keep our trade free, and free the land also, and we need fear nothing as a great democracy.

T. Atholl Robertson

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Human Documents

Problems that may be yours are dealt with by "Humanist." In every case the name and address of the writer are suppressed so that the authors may not be identified. Correspondents must send stamped addressed envelopes if they wish to be answered through the post, in cases that are too intimate or are not of sufficient interest to be helpful to others. Ten shillings is sent to each of the writers of the letters printed on this page.

The Hero's Dilemma

"DURING my army life I saw four years of active service and won the D.C.M. and star, while on the other hand my brother, ten years my senior, suffered twelve months' imprisonment as a conscientious objector.

"When peace came our family moved to the town where we now live, and we both got posts as clerks for a firm, the masters of which have always been particularly patriotic. My brother married shortly after the end of the war and now has a family of three young children.

"Somehow it has leaked out in the works that our family includes one who was opposed to taking a share in the defence of his country, but owing to our initials being the same—his Christian name is Frederick while mine is Frank—there has been confusion in the matter, and I have been saddled with the shame of refusing my services.

"I have lately been discharged, presumably through shortage of work, but in reality I think my dismissal is due to the fact that I am regarded as a war-time shirker. If I lay the full facts of my career before the bosses it will involve untold hardships to my brother's young family. Will you help me in deciding the best way out of the difficulty?"

"Humanist" says: *You carry your burden manfully. The alternative is for your brother's pacifism to be expiated, not by you, but by his innocent wife and children. If he were dead, I do not doubt that you would protect them. It is easier for you, though undoubtedly a hardship, to protect them by living and fighting your own battle. You have great allies: a clear conscience, duty done, and the knowledge that you are playing a man's part.*

A Quack's Remedy

"I HAVE a brother, who, in my opinion, is dying of perhaps cancer or some other disease. He will not see a doctor although lying helpless in bed. He is under the influence of a woman friend, who introduced a quack. He swears by this rascal, who made him pay £20 for a first visit and made my brother sign a form in which the quack declares he is not a doctor and takes no responsibility as such. All he has given him is a little sugar and water.

"I have been providing for my brother's keep to a great extent. As next of kin, if he dies without a doctor, I shall be reproached for neglect, and I might even lose my post in consequence, if this should be made public. I have tried to have a doctor over and over again, and my brother refuses to be examined or see one.

"I have threatened to stop providing any more funds if he does not leave the quack out of the question and have a doctor. My brother does not care and accuses me of wanting to kill him. Unfortunately I am on bad terms with his woman friend, who shares his ridiculous ideas and has no confidence in any doctor.

"What should I do? Can I threaten the quack in any way and prevent him seeing my brother?"

"Humanist" says: *You cannot be punished for failing to persuade your brother to have a doctor—if you have done your best. Why not bring in a doctor without consulting him? In any case, refuse to pay the quack. In cases like this you must do your best according to your own judgment. If the quack does not clear off, send his name and address to me. I have ways and means of dealing with people like that.*

Prison Taint

"RECENTLY I came out of prison after serving a seven years' sentence. When I was caught I was one of a gang of gentlemen thieves who have since been scattered through police activities. My one-time friends are all gone, some being in prison and others dead, while the wife who promised to wait at the gates is cohabiting with a man whom she had not even met before I was 'sent down.'

"The police continually make me miserable by reminding me in various irritating ways that they know of my whereabouts and my character. A week after I had obtained my freedom I got a job as a waiter in an Italian restaurant in this city. Two weeks after, I was dismissed because the hyper-respectable alien proprietor was acquainted through police inquiries of my recent 'home'!

"I am down and out, a hunted outcast, a man without relatives or friends, for whom permanent employment is almost an impossibility. What would *you* do under such circumstances?"

"Humanist" says: *Try to fight the battle like a man. The longer you go straight the less the police can do against you—they will have other people to watch. Get to a town where you are not known, and remember, when hardships face you, that you are fighting through them to peace and security. You will win the battle if you really mean to do so.*

A Ruined Daughter

"MY husband was killed during the war, leaving me with an only daughter, now seventeen years of age. I receive the usual pension, but as I have always had great ambitions for my girl's future, I have added to these means by returning to the work which I followed before marriage.

"Through this sacrifice I was able to send her to the local secondary school, where I hoped she would become fitted for the teaching profession, and have met the additional cost by my own endeavours.

"All my efforts have proved in vain, for my girl has met at the school a boy of eighteen, the son of a wealthy cotton manufacturer, and now, after a courtship of which I knew nothing, she is to become a mother.

"I have interviewed the boy and his father, but have got but little satisfaction from either, both treating the matter most callously. Since I became acquainted with her condition I have kept the girl indoors, but I am afraid I cannot keep this up until the event is over, and even then the knowledge of her disgrace will be sure to leak out.

"If the world knows, her whole future will be spoilt, and knowing this I am plunged into the misery of despair. What can I do to bring about the happy career I had planned for my only child?"

"Humanist" says:—*Send her away till after the event. Do not allow her to marry the rich young blackguard with the equally blackguard father. Life is not over at seventeen and there is plenty of time for a real man to come along.*

Error of Judgment

"MY brother-in-law, an engineer, was responsible in the designing of the machinery for a tramp ship launched late last year. While working on another set of engines of the same class he has discovered an error in the first and is fretting himself terribly.

"In his calculations for one of the most vital parts of the machinery he took as a base a 'factor of safety' which was too low. By some freak it passed through many hands, both practical and technical, without discovery, and the ship is now sailing in foreign waters.

"If he is honest and speaks now, he runs the risk of instant dismissal; there is a large family to support and he is also financially embarrassed by heavy doctors' fees incurred in the attempt to have his wife—my sister—cured, she having been bedridden for the last three years. On the other hand, if an undue load be brought to bear on the miscalculated part of the engine, it may mean an explosion and loss of life.

"He has two roads to choose from—the first, being honest, which may mean surrendering his wife; the second, by remaining silent, may mean the murder of some men. Which of the two roads should he take?"

"Humanist" says: *Let him at once declare his error. I do not believe that he will be dismissed. If he is—send me the name of the firm which dismisses men who take risks to save lives.*

(*Continued on page* 25).

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The World-Famous Jockey.
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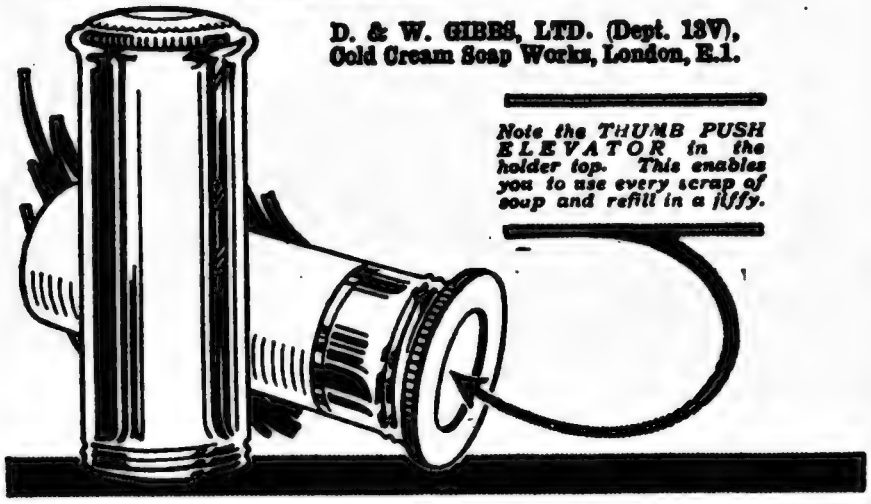

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'YADIL' and CANCER

Stomach cancer upon which a Surgeon at Tottenham Hospital said it was useless to operate disappears under *The Yadil Treatment for Cancer.*

I SHOULD fail in my duty if I did not make known, far and wide, the following facts concerning a case of cancer which my suggested *Yadil Treatment for Cancer* has dispersed completely in a few weeks.

ON the 1st of May, I received the following letter from the little village of Wickford, Essex:—

"SIR,—My wife went under an operation for cancer, but when opened up (at the Tottenham Hospital), it was found it was too bad to operate. She had to return home incurable. Your treatment for cancer having been brought to our notice, we decided to try it. The cancer, which lay across the stomach, appears to have disappeared after five weeks of strictly keeping to your prescription, and she will continue one more week, making the six weeks. We would be glad if you would oblige with a diet most suitable following the six weeks treatment for the same. I might say that she suffers badly from wind pains, and the chest seems very raw. Needless to say she is very weak. More proof would be given if you desire it.

I am, Yours truly, C. S.——."

AT once I decided to send a member of our staff to get fuller information, and here is his report.

"3rd May, 1924.

"Mrs. S——, Wickford, Essex.

"I called here yesterday, Friday, to investigate this case. The facts are as follows:—

"Mrs. S—— became ill last August and was treated by the local doctor for acute indigestion. Towards Christmas a large swelling developed across the stomach, from three to four inches long. Mrs. S—— was brought to London by her son, who called in Dr. T—— for his opinion. He said that it looked like cancer, and suggested that Dr.—— a famous surgeon of Cavendish Place, should be called in to examine the case. The surgeon diagnosed it at once as a deep-seated cancer. He expressed willingness to attempt the operation and suggested sending Mrs. S—— to the Tottenham Hospital, which was done. The operation had hardly begun when the surgeon withdrew the knife and said it was useless to continue, as the case was beyond all hope. The matron conveyed the sad news to the son, who was waiting in an adjoining room. Dr. T—— received a short letter from Dr.——, the surgeon, a couple of days later, which Dr. T—— read to the son of Mrs. S——. He was told to bring his mother back home when she had sufficiently recovered from the ordeal of the operating room, and to make her as comfortable as possible, for there was nothing which medical science could do for her. Mrs. S—— was suffering agonising pains; her state was pitiful. In March she was a dying woman.

"This became known and a neighbour, a trained nurse, lent them THE YADIL BOOK, bringing to their notice the suggested *Yadil Treatment for Cancer*. As a last hope, the treatment was commenced on or about the 24th March, and followed minutely as described in the book. The first few doses relieved the pain, and recovery was so rapid that within three weeks the pain and swelling had completely disappeared. The treatment was continued for a further two weeks on the lines recommended in the book, then Mr. S——, the husband, wrote for further guidance. When I saw Mrs. S—— yesterday she was sitting up, and seemed quite comfortable. She had even been able to walk as far as the garden gate. About 12 ounces of 'Yadil' have been used to date."

MEDICAL and surgical science had pronounced her case hopeless, but my treatment has proved that it was not. I called on Mrs. S—— on Sunday, May 4th, and was welcomed by the family, who confirmed the facts given in the above report. Mrs. S—— was sitting in a chair surrounded by her happy children. They told me of the intense suffering of their mother, their despair at the result of her visit to Tottenham Hospital, their hope against hope when *The Yadil Treatment* was commenced, their astonishment at the incredible speed with which it gave results, first relieving the pain in a short three days, then reducing the size of the growth from day to day, until in three weeks no trace of it could be seen, except the scar left by the surgeon's knife and by the fourteen stitches required to close up the wound. My own joy and happiness could not be described. Could it be possible that my antiseptic 'Yadil' would pave the way to the conquest of cancer, as it has to the conquest of that other deadly plague, tuberculosis? I felt impelled to tell the nation of this case, and to make the following earnest appeal to all medical practitioners who are attending cases of cancer and to all friends of sufferers from this dread disease:—

TRY at once *The Yadil Treatment for Cancer*, as suggested on page 79 of THE YADIL BOOK (3rd Edition). 'Yadil' alone is not enough, but 'Yadil' in conjunction with the special diet, which is minutely described in the book, has performed a miracle for Mrs. S——. It may possibly do the same for many other victims of cancer. There are to-day, in the hospitals and private homes of this country, at least ten thousand cases of cancer which are known to the relatives and friends, and to the medical men attending the cases, to be beyond all medical and surgical aid. These poor victims will have passed away within the next two or three months. *The Yadil Treatment for Cancer*, which I explain in THE YADIL BOOK, may not be successful in all cases, but if it were to succeed in half of the cases, or even less, would it not have been worth the experiment? This treatment is so inexpensive, so simple, that there is no excuse for not trying it on the score of cost. One pint of 'Yadil,' costing only 12s., would be amply sufficient. As to the food recommended, its cost is far less than the cost of the ordinary food given to victims of cancer. So why not try the treatment, and let me know the results? If this was done at once, in ten thousand cases, within five or six weeks we should have definite results from which to draw conclusions. I would ask all those who may try the treatment to keep note of the date when it was commenced, the rate of progress, the results obtained, and to let me know whether it has proved successful or whether it has failed. I must know all the failures as well as all the successes. Without this full information it would be impossible to arrive at fair conclusions as to whether *The Yadil Treatment* is reliable in all cases, or only in a majority of cases, or in just a few special cases.

I APPEAL to all the victims of cancer themselves, to their relatives and friends, to the medical men interested in the cases, to all local Health Authorities, not to let this chance go by of finding out whether we have or not, in *The Yadil Treatment for Cancer*, a reliable means of checking and curing this dreadful disease.

Alex Clement

THE names and addresses of the patient and the medical men who attended the case are available to the Presidents of the British Medical Association and the General Medical Council, if they wish to inquire into the facts.

'Yadil' is obtainable from all chemists, 2 oz. 2/9, 6 oz. 4/9, Pint 12/-, Quart 22/6. THE YADIL BOOK 2/6—from chemists or direct. 'Yadil' Antiseptic is prepared exclusively by CLEMENT & JOHNSON LIMITED Research Medical Chemists 19 Sicilian Avenue London W.C.1.

(Continued from page 22.)

Flat Keys.

"The man in the next flat let himself into mine with a key, apologised for his error and withdrew. I don't like it. Can I complain?"

Yes—there ought to be different keys. But if your door were bolted you would not have been alarmed.

School Cheats.

"Fifteen years old, I work hard at school, and am always beaten in exams. The other girls cheat. Should I tell?"

Be sure their sins will find them out. Work harder. At fifteen life is only beginning. Beat those fairly who try to beat you unfairly—you get the best of the deal.

Doctor or Bookie.

"My son, reading for his final examination in medicine, wishes to abandon his career and become a bookmaker. How can I stop him?"

You can't. If he succeeds as a bookmaker, he will not need any other profession; if he fails, he may think better and go on with medicine. Don't worry: the odds are that he is going to learn a valuable lesson.

The Wilful Wife.

"My wife believes in absolute freedom—marriage without ties. Consequently, she mixes with all kinds of men and says I can have as many women friends as I like. I can't agree with her principles at all."

Tell her your objections—which are reasonable. If she refuses to see them—it would be better to separate. But try to find an accommodation—an unhappy marriage is a disaster.

Riding Astride.

"My daughters, engaged to two admirable young men, go out with them on their motor-bikes, riding astride on the pillion-seat. Do you think there is any harm in this?"

Not the least—except that I think pillion-riding dangerous. Nobody nowadays thinks that a girl who rides a horse astride is imperilling her soul. We are emancipated from the tyranny of the Pecksniffian age.

Uncontrollable Youth.

"My young brother, one of seven, is a little Tartar. He won't work, and is getting into all kinds of trouble, and is completely unnerving my mother. We don't know what to do with him. He is just sixteen."

Take the burden from your mother and deal with him yourself. Tell him he must both work and behave, otherwise you will hand him over to the authorities. Let him understand what that means—it ought to cure him, unless he is mentally deficient.

A Would-be Journalist.

"I am resolved to become a journalist. I can write, but have no experience. My father, an ironmonger, refuses to support me if I refuse to work in his shop. Ought I to leave him?"

No. Convert him. Don't tell him how well you can write, show him published articles. Journalism looks easy, but is really a hard profession. When you have shown that you can do something in your spare time, he may believe that you can do more in your whole time.

Dangerous Marriage.

"My wife's brother, who lives with us, lost an eye in the war, and is going blind. He wishes to marry a girl with money, who does not know the danger. Should I interfere?"

It is the business of the girl's people to consider the prospects and health of the fiancé. I am against outsiders making, or unmaking, matches for other people. But your wife might discuss the problem of his prospects with her brother and point out to him that the girl ought not to make a literally blind marriage in ignorance.

Women and Weapons

by THE MARCHIONESS OF ABERDEEN AND TEMAIR

THIS year women all over the world are interested in the Empire Exhibition at Wembley. But do all women know how much more Wembley may stand for than the exhibition of the Empire's greatness in enterprise and manufacture?

So far as women are concerned it may become the centre of a new impetus to the great movement to free the world from all the horrors of war. We, of the International Council of Women, have been holding at Wembley a conference to that end. And all women—whatever their daily life and work—may help towards that glorious consummation.

It is often alleged that women have made no definite demonstration of their determination to do all in their power to remove the causes of war. It may be that women have felt too complete a sense of helplessness in the matter.

SINCE women are enfranchised they must make an attempt to realise that they have great responsibility and power in the matter. The International Council of Women has existed for thirty-five years, and is represented in thirty-three different countries, and its motto and basis is everywhere the same. It is the golden rule: "Do unto others as ye would that others should do unto you."

This golden rule is the test and touchstone. It is simple and comprehensive. It has already been found adequate and completely effective for the federating of women's organisations all over the world. It has bound together women of all races and faiths, leaving them free to work out their ideals along the most varied lines of life and thought, but all accepting as a common object the promotion of the Golden Rule, in all relations of life.

Nor has there been, within the federation of organisations represented by the Women's International Council, the difficulty that might have been feared of reconciling such a multitude of necessarily varying elements with the declaration of definite principles. No important decision is ever adopted so long as there is an opposing vote on the part of any one National Council belonging to the I.C.W.

WOMEN could especially help by first of all thoroughly informing themselves of what is being done in the different countries by other women longing and working for peace.

Women should study the report, which will very soon be available, of the conference we have held at Wembley on "The Prevention of the Causes of War." And when women visit Wembley—as thousands will this summer on pleasure bent—let them look out the Pavilion of the Women's International Council, there to see and hear for themselves what women all over the world are doing to further this work.

Women can begin in their own parish, their own town or city or constituency. First, the careful study of the causes of war, then the joining up with the organisations of women which have for their object the abolition of war. And always, at all times, and in all circumstances, the putting into practice of the one infallible and golden rule.

It is the rule which forms the motto of the I.C.W.—the only rule which will really solve the terrible and oft-recurring tragedy of war!

It is not possible that women alone can stop wars. But when men realise that their womenfolk are in dire earnest in their attempt to prevent war, then their action will have immediate effect.

Ishbel Aberdeen

A Remarkable Letter

WE publish in full a remarkable letter received from the Rev. Charles Taylor, General Secretary of the Scotswood Fire Relief Fund in connection with the timely aid which JOHN BULL was able to render to sufferers in the recent disaster.

JOHN BULL came quickly to the assistance of readers registered for our Free Insurance Gift, and as Scotswood-on-Tyne contained many such readers, the effect of our action was widespread, and helped materially to compensate for the heavy losses through fire.

* * *

The Manse,
Scotswood-on-Tyne.
April 30th, 1924.

I am in receipt of your letter of the 26th instant and thank you very much for the same. It is quite impossible for me to express my grateful appreciation to you for your very generous help to the sufferers in the recent disastrous fire. The other members of the local Committee join with me in this hearty expression of thanks.

Your gifts are exceedingly generous, and you may be quite sure that whenever opportunity arises we shall do our best to increase your circulation by pointing out what you have done in this case.

Please let me thank you further for the very prompt way in which you took up this matter, as we might well have expected that owing to the multitude of claims that come to you, you might not have been able to settle these cases so quickly as you have done.

Again thanking you very heartily,
I am, yours faithfully,
(Rev.) CHARLES TAYLOR,
General Secretary, Scotswood Fire Relief Fund.

What Makes Him HARD & HEALTHY?

A HEALTHY dog needs all of three things—exercising, good housing, and correct feeding. Exercise is essential if he is to be hard and fit—a happy dog is never found in a "stuffy" room or on a short chain His quarters must be warm and comfortable; his diet a plain, wholesome, nourishing one, of Spratts' fine Dog Foods.

After all that is only ordinary care—and scarcely sufficient to justify the trust that your loyal friend the dog has in you: Good food is a vital necessity for his health, particularly in the hot sunny days that are fast approaching. Give him Spratts' "Meat-Fibrine" Dog Cakes or Puppy Biscuits regularly as his staple food, with Spratts' Rodnim Meal as the "twice-a-week" change of diet. Let him eat the biscuits whole—they clean the teeth, harden the gums, and keep the breath pure and sweet. Rodnim Meal can be given either dry or mixed with broth or gravy. Chopped and well boiled green vegetables should be added to it occasionally in hot weather—they cool the blood and keep the system clear and healthy. Be certain that you get genuine Spratts' Dog Foods in the white cotton bags!

Look always for the name—it is your guarantee of unsurpassed quality.

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DOG CAKES
& PUPPY BISCUITS

20,000 *Dealers can supply. For advice and FREE literature on any doggy matter write to*—
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Vide Press.

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Now is the time to open a Credit Account To all persons desirous of opening an account I can offer terms which cannot be surpassed anywhere.

One-third the odds on all Ante Post Betting Races.

No limit for Singles. Doubles and Accumulators.

On July 26th, 1922, I paid £3,826 to £2 for an Accumulator.

Credit Accounts opened from £5 upwards but no cash in advance under any circumstances.

Write for my illustrated booklet entitled "Points for Punters," containing useful information which every client should know who has a credit account with a bookmaker Only Clients who are genuinely desirous of opening an account need reply to this advertisement.

Telephone Numbers 2490 Douglas, 20 lines
Trunk Telephone Nos. 2635 " 5 "
Telephones for Telegrams only: 2206 " 4 "
Telegraphic Address: "..petion, Glasgow."

Are YOU following the

Five Winners, Three Seconds, and One Third

A FEW days ago a punter who, presumably, backed one of my code selections which did not win wrote to me and suggested that I should be boiled in oil. Evidently this half-wit has a kind heart. He might have said molten lead.

The same day as this idiot's letter arrived I coded Cockpit—won at 100 to 15—and Anitra's Dance—beaten a head. The next day I sent out Great Barrier—won at 5 to 1—and a non-runner. The day following, Noce D'Argent—won at 11 to 8—and Euphrosynus—won at 11 to 10. I did not send out code selections for the small Hunt meeting at Lingfield, but I started off at Newmarket with Fiddle Pin—won at 4 to 1—and Ulva Ferry—third at 10 to 1. My next runners were Wykeham—second at 6 to 1—and Mr. Bliss—beaten a short head at 6 to 1.

My motto is, and always has been, "If the King can do it better, let him come and have a try." In this case I do not think he would succeed.

Anonymous letters do not annoy me. Happily, they have the opposite effect. They amuse.

My code selections over the sticks showed a bigger profit than the nap selections of any Turf writer in the daily Press and yet, at Christmas, another kind friend hoped that I would have a tittering, tottering time. I did—and enjoyed myself immensely.

After the Guineas.

Two-year-old form since the war has not been working out in the classic races, but the two best juveniles of last season were first and second in the Guineas. Only a few inches separated Diophon and Bright Knight, and they are pretty sure to start about equal favourites for the Derby.

Which one will beat the other at Epsom will depend solely on which has the best position at the turn for home, where three out of four Derbies are won, and it will be interesting to see whether George Hulme or Frank Bullock is the better tactician.

Tom Pinch was only beaten a couple of yards, but he has twice shown a dislike to the descent at Newmarket and that is nothing to the Epsom hill. Tom does not look a Derby proposition, but there is the St. Leger later on.

Meanwhile, we might hear shortly what Donoghue will ride in the Derby. Steve has won the race three times in succession, and he is 7 lbs. better than any other jockey over the course.

Were I the owner of Tom Pinch, I should put Steve on him. Perhaps Donoghue could not make him come down the hill smoothly, but his attempt to make the colt do so would not be half-hearted. Some people said Captain Cuttle would lose the Derby coming down to Tattenham Corner, but Donoghue slammed him at it and the neck-or-nothing policy paid.

A Real Sporting Match.

Epinard and Sir Gallahad III. meet at St. Cloud on "Jubilee Day," in the most sporting match arranged for years. The

"SILVER RING"
was one of the few sporting writers to give the winner of the
ONE THOUSAND GUINEAS,
PLACK
8 to 1.

Rev. Papyrus business was nothing more than a long-drawn-out wrangle over conditions with a one-sided race on a mud track at the end of it.

The two French owners will race for their own money and a cup to be bought by the loser—the real spirit.

They wanted different distances, but they have compromised at the odd one of six and a half furlongs. The owner of Epinard suggested six, and Captain Cohn seven. This looks as if Mr. Wertheimer is banking on Epinard's speed from the gate.

Epinard concedes 11 lbs. and I think he will just about do it but, whatever happens, there will be no recriminations.

It is a pity we cannot arrange similar sporting matches over here. The nearest we have been to it lately is Arravale *v.* Pharos and Ned Carver in opposition to Prince Clifton.

What a difference!

Why not "Mumpty," Golden Boss and Sicyon at level weights?

Not Playing the Game.

Efforts are still being made to keep certain arrivals on the course from getting known in the morning and early evening papers. At one centre the local tout is apparently often wilfully misinformed of the impending departure of one horse when it is intended that another shall run. There is nothing particularly clever in this, although it sometimes means a better price in an S.P. job.

I remember that a long-priced winner at Kempton last year was rushed down by special train and arrived a quarter of an hour before his race was due. A travelling railway inspector told me all about it, and with due regard to the merit of the horse and the personality of his trainer, I was prompted to back him.

The Chester Cup.

The famous Roodee course is all twists and turns, and is often referred to as the "soup plate"—Alexandra Park's pet name. I mentioned last week that Hogg hoped to capture the race with Scullion. Another strongly fancied horse is Miwani, known at one time as Velvet Glove.

Miwani finished fourth in the Cesarewitch and would have won but for breaking down. His sire, Willonyx, won the Chester Cup in 1911.

Four Furlong Races!

There has been an agitation in some quarters for the reintroduction of half-a-mile races to give some of the fast stoppers a chance.

The suggestion is bunkum. As it is, most of the five-furlong sprints are not races. They are won by the beast which gets a "flyer" and is not caught until too late.

Horses which are unable to get more than four furlongs at racing speed are unfitted for the game.

Town Guard Again.

I was hoping to see Town Guard accept for the Jubilee, but we shall have to wait a little longer before we have another glimpse of last year's Derby bogey. He is due to compete in a number of races and will be ridden by Torterolo, a son of his present trainer.

My selection for the Jubilee is Verdict. I gave my reason last week for tipping Lord Coventry's champion.

HORSES WHICH ARE BOOKMAKERS'

How Punters can Protect Themselves

THE biggest friend of the bookmaker is the unfit horse, and if you are on the course his anxiety to lay it borders on the pathetic.

Previous to Ascot somewhere about 50 per cent. of the runners are not in the condition to win, or if they do are meeting inferior animals to whom they they can make a physical concession.

The Horse Was Not Fit.

When the recent Sandown meeting was on I met in the morning a friend who casually told me he was going to have £50 each way on a horse running in a handicap that afternoon. As I had, and still have, some regard for this animal, I had made enquiries about him at Epsom, and was told to leave him out. "Not ready," I gathered, and as I had no reason to question this information I advised my friend to have no bet, or at least only a small one.

This was disregarded, but his money did not prevent the horse from starting at long odds and running like it. Had he been fit the S.P. would have been about 5 to 1, and he would probably have won!

Pay Attention to Training Reports.

I mention this to impress upon stay-at-home punters who have no source of inside information to pay some attention to the training reports. These would not be accepted, perhaps, by the Appeal Court as genuine evidence, and were some trainers to tell me that Buttercup or something-or-other had been well-galloped with a view to a certain engagement, I should instinctively look elsewhere for the winner. Others won't have touts in the same county, and a few write their own training reports, which is convenient for the tout who collects them, but is an obvious opening for a little fiction.

Secret Gallops.

But there is little or no concealment on the part of the majority. Secret gallops have been held—Spearmint had an illuminating one before he won the Derby—but most trainers at Newmarket are open-handed enough and their gallops are truthfully reported.

At some of the provincial stables there is also a fair amount of genuine publicity which can be utilised in the prevention of a waste of money over horses whose S.P. is 10 to 1, but which ought to be 100 to 1.

Thousands Lost on a Sprinter.

A certain sprinter who has had a race or two this season has twice been beaten half a furlong by animals he will run away from later on.

I have no doubt but that thousands of pounds in "half-crowns" and even smaller coins have been thrown away over this horse by small punters who were fully aware of what he can do when fit and well. His presence at a meeting was good enough for them, but he was fat enough to be a legitimate exhibit at Smithfield.

The training reports which are published daily in the sporting Press should protect punters from such pitfalls, and in most cases they do so. They indicate a

"Two a Day"?

given in Nine Runners

HORSES TO FOLLOW.

Amazement.—Last year this horse was known as Punter's Bane, possibly owing to the number of times he let down his backers. He won his last two races in 1923, and has been renamed by Vasey, for whom he scored recently. He is a money-spinner and should always be backed.

Vesper Bell.—Ran very well in the race won by Winalot at Newmarket, but found the seven furlongs too far. Is a certain winner over five furlongs.

Bugle.—Did not get well away at Sandown and, consequently, had no chance in the race won by Tabor's hot-pot, La Melba. Bugle was backed, and will do Wootton's stable a good turn before long.

Ravioli.—This son of Clarissimus is a very smart two-year-old, and will win a number of races. He beat the hot favourite Pommade Divine easily at Newmarket, and but for bad luck would have won the two other races in which he has taken part this season.

Zanoni.—I have mentioned Persee's sprinter once or twice in my notes. So far this season he has been most unlucky in his races. He ran very well last time out in spite of the fact that he was kicked at the post. The horse will pay to follow over five furlongs.

Dawson City.—This son of Spearmint won two out of three races in Ireland last year. He ran well at Sandown recently, but needs a few more gallops. Should be backed each way in races of a mile or over.

Corolet.—Ran fourth to my code selection Cockpit and sixth in the Guineas. Is very speedy, and is certain to win races for O. Bell's stable.

Cradle Song.—Darling has subjected this two-year-old to a number of good gallops at Beckhampton. Although she is not in the top class Cradle Song should be noted for future engagements. She is by Hurry On and will improve.

Sword Play.—Was taken out of her Newmarket engagements because her Sandown running showed she was not ready. She has not gone backwards, and is a likely winner soon of a handicap for second season horses.

Back Stair.—Elliott's mount was badly hampered in the course of the Somersham Stakes at Newmarket. He beat a field of twenty-seven a few weeks ago. Make a note of him for his next outing.

Weathervane.—The King's horse was unlucky to find Duteous back to his old form in the Bretby Handicap, and, consequently, could not give away the weight. He is a certain winner in due course.

Shippon.—It is an old racing maxim to back the outsider of three and four—it very often pays. Shippon was the outsider of four when he beat Condover and Company in the Chippenham Plate. The six-year-old gelding won five out of nine races last year, and it will pay to back him on every outing.

THIS WEEK'S SELECTIONS.

Chester, Wednesday:
MIWANI, HUMPTY DUMPTY.

Thursday:
DINKIE, HIGH COURT.

Kempton Park, Friday:
ALPHA F., HALIDOME.

Saturday:
PONJOLA, PURPLE TORCH.

PADDOCK PARS.

The King cantered over Newmarket Heath between seven and eight a.m. to see Richard Marsh put the royal horses through their paces.

* * *

Wragg couldn't do the weight on His Majesty's Jehoshaphat at Stockton. Instead, he rode Jazz Band and won.

* * *

Puttenden should be followed whenever Childs can ride. He understands the horse.

* * *

Marvex missed the Queen's Prize with a view to the Jubilee. He gave Dumas and Dinkie a stone in the triple dead-heat at Windsor last September.

* * *

McLachlan, Jnr., who is only seventeen, is the first apprentice to win the big double at Epsom.

* * *

Willie Lane was a full-blown jockey when he achieved the feat on Elba and Robert le Diable in 1904.

* * *

Lord Derby is regaining his health and hopes to see Sansovino win the Epsom classic. He has been singularly unlucky in this race and has supplied the second horse on three occasions since 1911. Sansovino did not run in the Two Thousand Guineas.

"SILVER RING."

FRIENDS

against Unfit Horses

lot of important work, and while if a certain horse is not necessarily unfit because he has not been prominently mentioned, in nine cases out of ten he is not worth backing next time out.

On the other hand, trials are misleading. They look all right on paper, but few know the strength of them, and in any case a dozen horses engaged in the same event can win their trials, but only one can win the race.

Scotland Yard Couldn't Help.

The small punter is liberally catered for nowadays, and the majority of racing journalists conscientiously work in his interests. But the Big Four of Scotland Yard wouldn't get a clue to the plans of some stables and the condition of the horses in them. Such establishments are no good to the 1s. each-way sportsman unless followed blindly.

He will be more profitably employed in assimilating all the information he can read and deciding for himself whether a fancy is fit enough to be "busy."

"JOHN BULL'S" CODE.

Two coded selections will be given daily in the following papers:—

Sporting Life, Newcastle Journal, Sheffield Early Bird, Glasgow Daily Record, Glasgow Noon Record, Sporting Man, Birmingham Sporting Buff, Sporting Pink, Portsmouth Sporting Mail, Liverpool E. Express, Liverpool Sports Express, Mid-day Sporting Special, Newcastle Chronicle and Mail, South Wales Daily News, Bristol Times and Mirror, Cork Examiner, Aberdeen Sporting Express, Western Mail, Yorkshire Daily Post, Irish Independent, The Irish News, Sporting Chronicle, and *Chronicle Mid-day (Manchester).*

AKO2HDFT3NMXPR

JZBYCEQGLIUWSV

How to read the code:—In place of the letters or figures advertised in the daily papers read those above or below, as the case may be.

GBSTJ33JIG would read TOP GALLANT

This code will be changed in next week's JOHN BULL. It covers the racing from May 14 to May 20, inclusive.

The Baron of Sunday News says: "No wonder their Telegraphic Address is GENEROUS"

WHITE FISHER & CO
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Always at Your Service.
RACING.
NO LIMIT ON ANYTHING.
Daily lists on important future events.
SYSTEMS UNDERTAKEN.
Write for "Midget" book of rules.

FREE 10/- WAGERS
on the
DERBY & HUNT CUP
ANY TWO HORSES AT FULL MARKET PRICES TO ALL CLIENTS OPENING A WEEKLY ACCOUNT WITH US.
THIS OFFER DEFINITELY CLOSES ON MAY 28.
BE IN TIME TO PARTICIPATE.
Write at once for fullest particulars.
(PLACE MONEY, 5, 6 or 7 RUNNERS)
WE NEVER QUIBBLE
ESTABLISHED 28 YEARS.

A. H. WESTWOOD,
YORK PLACE, EDINBURGH
(The "own name" man and sole proprietor of the business founded over THIRTY years ago),
is giving existing and prospective clients an opportunity of winning
£50,000
IT WILL COST THEM
ABSOLUTELY NOTHING
and the money must be won.
He requests interested gentlemen to apply for particulars and courts every enquiry.
The result will be published not later than June 7
ABSOLUTELY NO LIMIT
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PLACE BETTING
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Member of Principal London Sporting Clubs.
ESTABLISHED 32 YEARS.
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time-postmarked (not in code) up to advertised time of Race (Registers 15 minutes). All Letters are answered win or lose by return. All Postage Paid.
S.P. Place Bets one-third the odds: 1-2 if 5, 6, or 7 runners.
Special Credit Accounts. (No references required.)
Prospective clients unable to give usual references may forward any amount from £5 to £100 as guarantee. Credit up to double the amount sent will then be granted. This does not apply to clients who already have accounts with me. When sending money as guarantee, please state "FOR SPECIAL CREDIT ACCOUNT." Clients sending guarantees must not forward commissions until they receive my official notification that the account is opened. No Representatives on Racecourses or elsewhere.
11, DUKE STREET, EDINBURGH.

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THE PEOPLE says: . . . a firm of undoubted financial standing."
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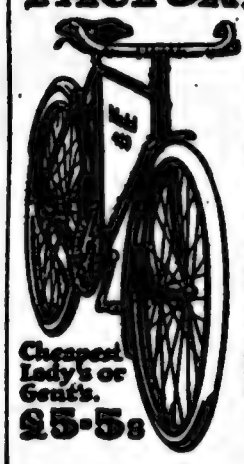
Cheapest Lady's or Gent's. £5-5s
and save the £3 to £6 profit that local dealers demand. Shopkeepers sell whatever make of cycle yields the most profit. But YOU naturally want to buy at the right price a perfectly reliable mount that is fully warranted by a maker of repute. Clearly, then, it is to your interests to invest in a MEAD, which for 37 years has enjoyed a world-wide reputation for excellence. This is overwhelmingly proved by the 329,625 unsolicited testimonials we have received from delighted riders in every quarter of the globe. Remember that
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Dearest Lady's or Gent's. £8-19s
"Marvel" No. 600A cycle richly enamelled, brilliantly silver-plated, artistically lined in two colours and fully equipped all ready for riding. Sent direct from our works PACKED FREE and CARRIAGE PAID on 15 DAYS' FREE TRIAL. Money refunded in full if you are not completely satisfied. Over 22 ladies' and gentlemen's Roadster, Road Racer, All-Weather 3-Speed Models, Juveniles', and Tradesmen's Carrier Cycles in a great variety of colours and sizes. Each machine embodies the finest equipment throughout and is replete with all the latest improvements. Tyres, Tubes, Lamps, Bells, Horns, and all other Accessories at exceptionally cut prices. Our illustrated catalogue is the biggest and most beautiful bicycle book ever issued. Send postcard for FREE copy to-day.
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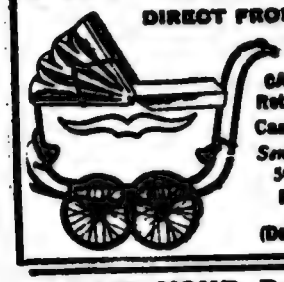

ABOUT YOUR DAUGHTER.

No Longer a Child.

Perhaps you have already noticed that your daughter in her "teens" has developed a fitful temper, is restless and excitable, and often in need of gentle reproof. In that case remember that the march of years is leading her on to womanhood, and at this time a great responsibility rests upon you as parents.

If your daughter is pale, complains of weakness and depression, feels tired out after a little exertion; if she tells you of headache or backache, do not disregard these warnings. Your daughter needs help, for she is most probably anæmic—that is, bloodless.

Should you notice any of these disturbing signs, lose no time but procure for her Dr. Williams' pink pills, for her unhealthy girlhood is bound to lead to unhealthy womanhood. Dr. Williams' pink pills enrich the impoverished blood of girls and women, and by doing so they repair waste and prevent disease.

So let Dr. Williams' pink pills help your anæmic daughter to health. Of all chemists, 3s. 0d. per box—nothing else is just as good.

FREE.—Every girl and woman should read the Booklet "Nature's Warnings," sent free to all who write to F.B. Dept., 36, Fitzroy Square, London, W.1.

RHEUMATISM
'ALL GONE'

CURED BY A WONDERFUL SOUTH AMERICAN PLANT WHICH MADE INTO A BEVERAGE DRIVES OUT URIC ACID POISONS.

THIS ANNOUNCEMENT is made specially to men and women who have tried numerous Rheumatic Cures without any benefit. I WANT YOU TO WRITE TO ME WHEN ALL SUCH REMEDIES HAVE FAILED. I am only an ordinary "business man"—not a vendor of patent medicines; and while I make no statement against other preparations, I assert from my own unique personal experience that the product I am offering you is a MOST EFFECTIVE CURE FOR RHEUMATISM. This remarkable remedy is a beverage from the leaf of a tropical plant called HERVEA, and it can be made in your own home just as easily as ordinary "tea." THE BENEFIT IS FELT AT ONCE, and continues more and more marked until a permanent cure is brought about. Suffice to say it is bringing me in NUMEROUS ENDORSEMENTS DAILY.

FREE PACKET

SURE, QUICK and LASTING RELIEF.

Take this drink (which is quite agreeable) in the morning, and it PREVENTS THE ACCUMULATION of further acid deposits in the system. This is what the whole category of Gout and Rheumatic Remedies fail to do, although they may relieve for the time being. It cured me in a few weeks after years of suffering, and it will cure you if you will give it a fair trial. If you care to send me your name and address and a stamp to cover postage, I will post you a trial package Free of Charge, and if you feel you are getting benefit, I will supply a further quantity at a small charge. Address:

Mr. H. LEE, Colonial Importer (Dept. 194),
81, Lamb's Conduit Street, London, W.C.

N.B.—As the selling of this product is a sideline, or rather my hobby, and distinct from my regular business, please mark your envelope "HERVEA" in the left-hand corner, and possible delay will be avoided.

Our Letter Parliament

New Hope for Humanity

Our Readers Air their Views on this and other Subjects

Careless Peace.

I was delighted to see your article on the League of Nations, and agree that "the time to prevent war is NOW." We get wars because we are too peaceful during peace. Man should be as energetic to preserve peace, as he is in seeking it when it has gone. An ex-Premier said: "Had the League been in existence in 1914 the war would have been averted." Although a firm believer in the League, I wonder if there is not a suggestion in a remark an ex-Cabinet Minister made to me recently: "I believe nations will be afraid to go to war in the future, because armaments are so deadly?" *Agape, Wigton.*

Get Together!

It is difficult to say whether or not wars can be stopped by the League of Nations, but at least the Powers of the world should come together in an earnest attempt to find a way to peace. As your writer has pointed out, the dread cloud of war hangs continually over Europe these days, and there is a universal indifference and apathy that is staggering. People do not seem to care. Have they forgotten the terrible nightmare of the last hellish clash? It is time to wake up and prevent another!—*L. L., Bristol.*

Universal Distrust.

Mr. Thompson is right when he says that the League of Nations is languishing through lack of support. International good faith is at a low ebb, and the question arises: "Would the nation possessing a secret lethal weapon accept a distasteful decision on an international dispute when it might attain its ends by force?" It is quite obvious that the successful policing of a turbulent world demands that the League of Nations should be in a position to enforce its judgments with physical force when moral suasion fails.—"*Sceptical,*" *Inverness.*

The Enemy of Peace

The way to peace is difficult so long as nations remain aloof, and peoples are taught only the weaknesses of one another. Nationalism, an admirable quality in itself, is Peace's greatest enemy. While there is nationalism there will always be a striving for ascendancy. While there is that, men will work secretly in laboratories, and engines of destruction will continue to be invented. Trouble is caused among individuals through lack of understanding; it is caused between nations in the same way. The world to-day needs understanding.—*J. W. D., London.*

An Effective League.

I agree with you that it is time something was done to make the League of Nations an effective organisation. The nations of the world should co-operate whole-heartedly instead of watching one another with suspicion. At any moment another war could be upon us. Apparently we don't care. Your vivid articles should act as a reminder to the whole of Britain. The time is over for destruction. Construction should be the thing of to-day. —*Percy Hill, Yarmouth.*

The Ray of Hope.

Science will do a great deal for civilisation. The article by Mr. H. Grindell-Matthews makes inspiring reading. Here we have the scientific mind applied to war and its causes with a scientific remedy outlined. If science, used in a sinister way, can make hell on earth, there is no reason why, used rightly, it should not make heaven on earth. I am convinced that his suggestion for the uplifting of humanity will meet with success.—*Albert Finlay, Glasgow.*

Brief to-the-point letters not exceeding 100 words are invited; 5s. is paid for each letter published. Name and address essential, not necessarily for publication. Envelopes must be marked "Letter Parliament."

Engine of Death.

I have read H. Grindell-Matthews' article "My Ray of Death," with profound amazement. Surely this is the last word on engines of war, for with such a weapon annihilation is to be the portion of those who care to oppose it. Let us sincerely hope the British Government will secure, instantly, this latest creation.—*W. G. C., Mid Calder.*

"I Love Me!"

"Duster's" point that much of our trouble is due to selfishness is probably quite true. But how are we to eradicate selfishness? We are selfish because it is profitable to be so; and we shall continue to be selfish until selfishness turns out to be unprofitable. The Socialists say it is possible to establish such a condition. Jesus Christ tried it by preaching that *unselfishness* would be rewarded with everlasting bliss. But the consummation of this bliss is so remote that the doctrine is apparently unconvincing. So it is evidently necessary (more particularly since we have ceased to believe in hell) to establish a condition that will make selfishness a curse.—*J. M.*

Breach of Promise.

Your recent article on this subject confirms what many judges have frequently said. Not only are many men forced into wretched unions through the fear of breach-of-promise actions, but that Court has often been used as a means of money-getting by what may be termed "professional" litigants. There are cases where women have deliberately prevailed upon men to propose to them; and later, have provoked the unsuspecting victims to break off the engagement. Then the action follows, and perhaps heavy damages are the result. After a time, the lady goes to another district and repeats the process of being "heart-broken"—again securing increment from some unhappy man.—*P. B., London, W.C.*

Printers' Pie

(Half-a-crown is paid to the sender of every item published. Mark envelopes "Pie.")

"WEEKLY WELCOME":—"For some moments Roddy STOOD staring at the note, then he gave a whoop of delight and SPRANG TO HIS FEET, sending his chair clattering behind him."

"BIRMINGHAM GAZETTE":—"Mr. Stanley signalled for aid by WAVING HIS BOAT."

"SPORTS BUDGET":—"He knew Harmon's capital had DIMINISHED instead of DECREASED."

"HAMPSHIRE ADVERTISER":—"The bride wore a dress of beige-coloured OSPREYS, and carried a lovely bouquet of MAROCAIN AND A WHITE FUR."

"SMART NOVELS":—"'Poor Ethel, she loved much,' was the main THOUGHT in the girl's BREAST."

"SOUTH WALES ECHO":—"The Grand Opera Festival week at Cardiff by the British National Opera Company opened last night under SUSPICIOUS circumstances."

"BRISTOL EVENING TIMES AND ECHO" (Advert):—"Small PRAM for sale, cheap, SUIT LEARNER, £8 10s."

"DAILY COURIER":—"When I turned he was beside me, still placidly SMOKING HIS BEARD."

Poor Prisoners' Plight.

It is certainly high time that the scandal of the Poor Prisoners ceased. A state of affairs that does not give them proper legal defence is not true British justice. It often happens that because a man or woman possesses the necessary cash, he or she, though possibly guilty, escapes the penalty of the law, while the poor person must stand alone and unaided. Holford Knight makes a sound suggestion when he urges the services of the Probation Officer.—*J. Owen, London, S.W.*

A Warning to Girls.

Young women travelling unchaperoned, and many do in these modern days, need warning against the very active but apparently respectable motherly women agents of white slave traffickers who are working great railway stations and even corridor trains in search of possible victims. The pleasantly spoken word is followed by the invitation to a cup of tea at a private house, with frequently sad results. Some who have taken the bait have not again been seen by their friends for months. A word in time may save girls.—*B M., Manchester.*

A Book to Burn.

There is agreement among all right-thinking people that children should be initiated discreetly into the mysteries of sex. All must feel there is a happy mean twixt prudery and pruriency. But one cannot be too grateful for your emphatic denunciation of the book "Sex Knowledge" by Margaret Dobson. It is a scandal that a book should be published, written in so offensive a manner, and that children should be permitted to read it. Better indeed children remain ignorant, than be corrupted in this vile way.—*E. R. S., Sheffield.*

Good Citizenship.

Your several articles on the allied questions of Population and Birth-Control have ventilated a very important subject. But it seems to me that it is primarily a personal question. What every prospective parent has to face is the question, "Am I so situated financially, socially, and from the standpoint of health and housing, to undertake the creation of new lives, and if so to what extent?" To face fearlessly this question, with all its implications, and to abide by its logical answer, is the test of good citizenship.—*A. M. W., Peckham.*

Rough Diamonds.

The letter sent to "A Gentleman with a Duster," may exaggerate a little. There are miners in our mining villages with hearts of gold, and there are hundreds of churches and chapels all over the country, attended by miners, whose wives could give sterling testimony to their husbands' worth, and families who could testify to the charity given by these men. The collier is not so black as his work makes him. I am a lay preacher, and come in contact with scores of them every week.—*J. H., Bolton.*

Fortunes in Slums.

Has not Mr. Comyns Carr overlooked the fact that, with the aid of genuine building and friendly societies, small house property is rapidly passing into the hands of the working-class owner-occupier? Such a man would not be thankful to find his capital woefully reduced owing to the existence of a plenteous supply of cheaper (because rate-free) houses—this in addition to the necessary risk of depreciation of values in the ordinary way. The same man also would have to continue paying rates, and would probably end by cursing his past thrift!—*H. C., Cambridge.*

Are You as Healthy & Strong as You Ought To Be?

If Not, Let Me Make You.

Curing illness without medicine has been my life's work, and I am proud to say I have brought back Health and Happiness to more than 200,000 sufferers from Nervous, Digestive, Uric Acid, and other Functional Weaknesses in the last 25 years. Inquiry, my Advice, and your Investigation of my claim to treat *you* shall

COST YOU NOTHING.

If you fill in and forward the form below I will send you an illustrated treatise of a most interesting and important character dealing with your own Complaint and a personal letter of advice. This will place you under no obligation whatever; but if you then decide that you ought to have a course of my treatment, which "Truth" newspaper certifies cures 94 per cent. of cases and substantially benefits 99 in every 100, then, wherever you live, it will cost you only a small fee and take but a few minutes a day of your time, and I shall only accept your case if I am confident I can do you good.

The scientific curative movements I prescribe individually in accordance with the age, occupation, complaint, and condition of each case are enjoyable to men and women of all ages up to 60–70–80–90, and I even have a patient of 100 years, who keeps hale and hearty.

If you have any physical ailment or defect mentioned below it is clearly your duty to yourself to accept the offer I make you to-day of FULL INFORMATION FREE.

A recent photograph of Eugen Sandow, of whom a Medical Specialist, of World-Wide Fame, recently declared: "I can see that you have got to the bottom of the Riddle of Disease and its Consequences."

PROOF IN PERSON. Eugen Sandow at ages of 30 and 55, showing what his System has done in his own case. Bear in mind he was a delicate, ailing youth and MADE himself the strongest and probably the healthiest man in the world.

Eugen Sandow's Wonderful Curative Physical Culture Institute, the Health Mecca of all who want to be well, strong, and vitally vigorous men and women.

Mr. Sandow welcomes personal calls at 32, St. James's Street, London, S.W. 1, from Health Seekers, when he will fully discuss the suitability of his Treatment without fee or obligation.

INDIGESTION AND DYSPEPSIA

This book shows every sufferer how the causes and depressing symptoms can be overcome and a perfectly healthy digestion ensured.
Case No. BB 263, Gentleman, aged 35.
I am more than pleased with the improvement in my general health; you have done wonders for me; my appetite and digestion are everything I could wish.

LIVER TROUBLES

Sufferers from any form of liver trouble will find in this book how to secure relief and cure in the Sandow method of treatment by natural and simple movements, as the following (and thousands upon thousands of others) has done.
Case No. A 32,672. Mrs. M. C., Mickleover, aged 47.
The Liver is also much more active and I am able to get through my work without feeling real exhaustion, and now I am becoming ambitious.

RHEUMATISM AND GOUT

These ailments may correctly be designated allied complaints. Briefly, the chief symptoms of both is pain—acute pain.
This book explains how you can be cured.
Case No. 29,340. Aged 55.
It is with much gratitude that I really say you have cured me of my complaint.

ANÆMIA

Write for free copy to-day.
Case No. A 33,753. Mr. H.
The anæmia is now a thing of the past. General health very greatly improved.

LACK OF VIGOUR

The only method of treatment which can claim to have been really successful in these cases.
Case No. BB 004. Gentleman, aged 50.
I am greatly pleased to say I feel a new man.

HEART AFFECTIONS

The treatment described is not gymnastic in any sense, but is gentle and graduated in its nature and most enjoyable to undergo.
Case No. A 33,042. Mr. D. E., Brynamman, aged 49.
The doctor was here last Saturday with one of my little children, and I asked him to examine me, and he said that my heart is better than he ever knew it.

PHYSICAL DEVELOPMENT AND PHYSICAL CULTURE

The ideal at which I aim is the type of man at whom anyone might look and say: "This is a man."
Case No. 11,478. Mr. R. G. C., aged 18.
I am more than satisfied. I have increased 6½ in. round the chest, and my height has gone up 3½ in.

NEURASTHENIA

The terrible sufferings of neurasthenic patients are known only to themselves and those who, like myself, are in daily contact with them. The recent tragic end of a Bridegroom Mayor was ascribed by the Coroner to Neurasthenia, "the curse of modern civilisation." This book has pointed the way to a cure to over 40,000 sufferers. Write for it to-day. It is the first step for YOU to take.
Case No. A 32,647. Miss M. W. P., Aberdeen, aged 36.
I am very grateful to you for the careful way in which my lessons were compiled, for instead of the wreck I felt at the beginning of the course I now feel in splendid condition.

OBESITY

This book explains fully the "how" and "why" of overcoming obesity, whether local or general.
Case No. 11,927. Mrs. H., aged 49.
I have now lost a stone in weight. Exercise is becoming a pleasure to me, and I feel remarkably well.

PHYSICAL DEFORMITIES IN MEN

PHYSICAL DEFORMITIES IN WOMEN

Those who read either of these two books will find there some of the most remarkable photos ever published, showing sufferers from spinal curvature in its various forms, both before and after treatment. Other troubles dealt with include Round shoulders, Prominent shoulder blades, Chest deformities, Wry neck, etc.
Case No. AD 22,560. Mr. F.
My spine is going back to its proper place. The curvature is much decreased.

CONSTIPATION

Natural means alone should be employed, and this volume explains how you can cure yourself of this troublesome complaint.
Case No. A 33,414. Miss F. K., Taunton, aged 60.
I have taken no aperients for the whole month, bowels move naturally once or twice daily.

INSOMNIA

Explains the cure which succeeds even when all other remedies have been tried without success.
Case No. A 33,400. Mr. J. P. D., Hexham-on-Tyne, aged 19.
My appetite is better and I sleep a lot better, regular sound sleep for about 7½ to 8 hours.

LUNG AND CHEST COMPLAINTS

Phthisis, Bronchitis, Asthma, Catarrh, Influenza, Hay Fever and kindred complaints count their victims by the thousand to-day.
Case No. AD 24,112.
My chest has now improved wonderfully, causing my Doctor to remark on my changed appearance, having lost its flatness. The Doctor said my lungs are splendid.

Posting this FREE ADVICE COUPON will be your first step to Perfect Health, Strength and Vigour, which are yours by right.

Please send me your BOOK on.....

My OCCUPATION is ..... My AGE is .....

NAME .....
(Please say Mr., Mrs., or Miss, or Title.)

ADDRESS .....

.....

John Bull, 17/5/24. To EUGEN SANDOW, 32, St. James's Street, LONDON, S.W.1

Headaches,
Nervous Breakdown

When the Nerves give way all kinds of suffering begin—sleeplessness, loss of appetite, depression, headaches are just a few of the symptoms. If *your* nerves need restoration take Dr. Cassell's Tablets.

Mrs. E. Hughes, 45, Kingswood-road, Penge, London, S.E., says: "Six years ago, in middle life, I fell ill, and my trouble was so accentuated by the air raids that complete nervous breakdown was the result. I could not sleep, had no appetite, constantly trembled, and was in terror if I ventured out of doors. Often I had fainting fits, and eventually was afraid to go out at all. During the whole of the time I suffered violent headaches; they were agony, and nothing relieved them. At last, however, I got Dr. Cassell's Tablets, and by and by I began to feel better. The pains in my head were not so severe, and I could sleep. Appetite returned, and steadily I regained fitness. Now I feel really well, and go about my work with a light heart."

TAKE TWO AT BEDTIME.
and note how well you sleep, and how refreshed and fit you feel in the morning.

Take Dr. Cassell's Tablets for

Nervous Breakdown	Neurasthenia	Kidney
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Indigestion	Headache	Children's
Sleeplessness	Anæmia	Weakness
Specially valuable for Nursing Mothers and During the Critical Periods of Life.	Palpitation	Wasting

Dr. Cassell's Tablets

Home Price, 1/3; Family Size, 3/-.
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Rheumatism!
Cure Guaranteed

END IT NOW AND FOR EVER. Gout, Lumbago, Sciatica, and all rheumatic ailments yield to this new and wonderful cure.

'MOSMAN'S RHEUMATIC CURE' will drive all the Uric Acid Crystals out of your system: the first dose will be "The Dawn of a New Life" for YOU, and, in from 2 weeks to 3 months, you will be absolutely cured—no matter how old you are, or how long you may have suffered.

No Pills—No Liniment.
No Drugs
No Poisons
Taken Night & Morning

Chadwell Heath,
April 14, 1924.

Dear Sirs,—Please supply me with another 5/- size of your Rheumatic Cure. I am pleased to say that your treatment has done me so much good I feel a new man. I have tried at least six other supposed cures, but they did me no good. I have been suffering for years, and have been under six doctors, who did me no good. I am so delighted with your treatment that I shall recommend it to everyone I see suffering from Rheumatism. Yours faithfully, E.G.

MOSMAN'S
RHEUMATIC CURE

2/6 SIZE. One Week's Treatment.
5/- SIZE. Two Weeks' Treatment.
10/- SIZE. Four Weeks' Treatment.

If not obtainable at your chemist, send Postal Order to Sole Manufacturers:—
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IS THE ONE SAFE REMEDY.
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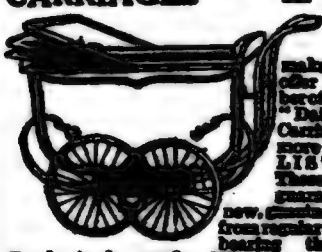
worthy of the Occasion!
BABY CARRIAGES from **1/6** a Week



By special arrangement with the makers we are able to offer a limited number of the well-known "Dainticar" Baby Carriages at little more than HALF LIST PRICES. These carriages are guaranteed brand new, genuine "Dainticars" from regular stock, each one bearing the Company's Regd. trade mark. This is your opportunity. Save pounds and have a Baby Carriage to be proud of! For example a £5:5:0 Model is offered at—**£2.17.6** (or 4/- Monthly)

Numerous other Models at similar reductions

CYCLES 2/3 a week upwards.

Having on hand a quantity of New High Grade 1924 Cycles, being the balance of a large contract, all by British makers, we are offering these at less than wholesale prices to clear. All are guaranteed perfect. For example: An 8-guinea Model is offered at
£4:12:6
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15-guinea ALL-WEATHER MODEL DE LUXE fitted with B.S.A. 3-speed gear, Oil Bath Gearcase and Dunlop Tyres. No finer machine in existence.
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All Models Fully Guaranteed.
Ladies' Models 7/6 extra.
Absolute Satisfaction Guaranteed or Money Refunded. Write NOW for Full Illustrated List of Splendid Bargains, stating whether Baby Carriages or Cycles.

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ON EASY TERMS TO SUIT YOUR POCKET. Hundreds of magnificent cycles in stock in latest designs and up-to-date equipment, to be cleared at bargain prices. Don't miss these great offers. SO WRITE FOR FREE LISTS NOW. SATISFACTION OR MONEY REFUNDED.

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THE WORLD'S LARGEST CYCLE DEALER
DEPT 27 COVENTRY.

Motoring for the Million

Never Get Lost

by MOTOMAC

THE wail still continues. The motor trade and its so-called friends are still doing all they can to convince people that the British car is an inferior production which can only be sold in a protected market.

My own car is British. If and when I buy another it will be British too, and I believe firmly in getting value for my money. Cars are seldom selected for their first cost. Maintenance and upkeep are more likely to be deciding factors. Appearance and comfort are also important.

What it means in tax! What it needs in petrol! What will the repair bill be after a year's running? Make comparisons on these essentials and the British car will come out first. Detailed argument is not necessary to prove this.

Certain cars will always come in, for instance the Ford. There is no home competitor and, therefore, a tax has simply to be paid by the buyer.

The building of a big Ford factory will bring the price of Fords down quicker than the abolition of the tariff. Transport from Detroit is a big item, and it is an open secret that Henry Ford intended to put a British-built Ford on the market at £70. It is a question of machinery and method.

When that day comes, and the butcher, and the baker, and the farmer who cannot now afford it, gets a car, unemployment will not be lessened in this country.

Our tyre industry is supposed to be dying for lack of a tariff, and yet it is in this unhealthy country that one of the biggest tyre makers is making arrangements to manufacture—his view being that manufacturing costs are less in a Free Trade country than anywhere else.

SOME fuss is being made, and rightly, about the parking charges at the Exhibition. Five shillings a car, and it is said that 800 of them paid this fee on the opening day; £200 per day to rent a field. I hope the local Assessment Committee have noted the fact. In any case competition here has eased the situation. I parked for a whole day actually nearer the entrance for a charge of 2s. 6d., and there is certainly no need to pay more.

As the holiday season draws near, I hope intending tourists will make the acquaintance of the N.G.L. (never get lost) road guide issued by the Pyramid Press. The guide makes use of the road numbering scheme of the Transport Ministry, and we can trace our journey to anywhere simply by numbers. All the uncertainties hitherto associated with road journeys, more especially cross country, have vanished.

No questioning which is right when both look alike. No need to stop for enquiry; simply follow your number, and your arrival is certain. Good maps are included in the guide. Contours on main roads indicated. Of useful size, and well bound, it should be in the pocket of every motorist who goes a-roaming.

For particulars of new cars and accessories fill in details and address to "Motomac," "John Bull," 93, Long Acre, W.C.2.

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.....

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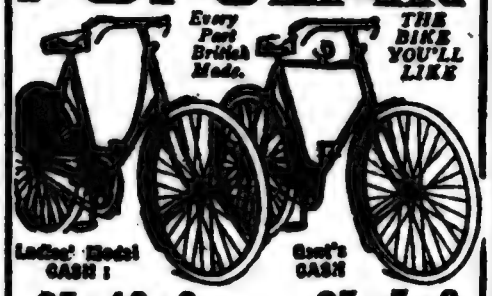

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MILES AHEAD OF SOAP

John Bull's Letter Bag

THE Editor may be flippant on this page, but his humour is kindly and never malicious, and he wants you to see it in this light. He likes to end up the week's work on a bright note and take his leave with a smile.

T. M. (Sidmouth).—"A child should be taught at his mother's knee." Across his father's is often quicker.

D. H. (Homerton).—"It must be exciting to own a fast car." It's more exciting for those who don't own one.

W. R. B. (Kilburn).—"Invariably, my partner refers to 'I' instead of 'we.'" That's *very* singular.

E. W. (East Hornden).—"There was I tearing up the field." Reminds us of our golf.

W. J. (Coulsden).—"Brothers aren't always like each other." And, unfortunately, don't always, either.

R. T. L. (Middlesboro').—"Remember, these are cold facts." Reads much more like hot air to us.

T. Y. (Harlesden).—"The bookmaker I have been betting with will not pay out more than 25 to 1." Well, that's the limit.

W. J. (Forest Hill).—Many thanks for your letter with £10 enclosed, which has been forwarded. We shall be glad to receive further particulars of the other matter you mention.

S. L. (Malvern).—"The cheap car has come to stop." That's just the trouble—what we want is one that has come to start!

SANDY (Glasgow).—"Do you own any racing papers?" Only *Sporting Life*—and no other.

S. M. (Eastbourne).—"I am a modern maid, but I believe that kisses are the language of love." We would like to talk it over with you!

C. J. (Cuffley).—"I am a confirmed teetotaler and non-smoker, and yet I get a lot of enjoyment out of life." But does life get any enjoyment out of you?

T. N. (Keswick).—"Can you explain the distinction between an idea and an ideal?" Not in a few words, but there's an "l" of a difference.

P. G. (Fowey).—"How many men are there who really count nowadays?" But why worry about it? These mechanical adding machines are a great help.

C. P. (Darwen).—"I like your sharp, witty replies to silly fools who ask foolish questions." Then you knew what you were doing when you confined yourself to making statements.

B. B. (Appledore).—"Everything is backward in the country this spring." There now! That's the first really nice thing we've heard said about the modern girl for ever so long.

R. K. (Thatchford).—"Professional backers of horses can only make a bare living these days." Possibly because they're so given to putting their shirts on horses.

S. D. D. (Crowborough).—"I shall press on, keeping my eyes on the ultimate goal, ignoring all else." We suppose that is why you failed to notice that the right-hand corner of your envelope lacked a stamp.

N. B. (Sleaford).—"What are we coming to?" Whitsuntide.

G. P. H. (Hove).—"As a cook my wife is very mediocre." Is she any good at tapioca?

W. O. (Batley).—"Life is the world's greatest riddle." Yes, everybody has to give it up.

F. K. (Ilkley).—"Please tell me what a kleptomaniac is." A person who takes things as he finds them.

S. O. (Amberley).—"One can say 'yes' and 'no.'" And likewise "perhaps."

L. L. (Bradford).—"All trade unions are not alike." True: they mostly have their differences.

P. Y. (Staines).—"You hit the nail on the head every time." And we never fail to hammer it home.

P. B. (Chelsea).—"Everyone ought to start a fly-swatting campaign this summer." Oh, buzz off!

JANE EYRE (——).—"Is the U.C.C. a genuine club?" You've evidently not read *John Bull* recently.

R. E. (Burnley).—"I suppose it never occurred to you that your articles would offend me?" So yours is the head the cap fitted, is it?

T. N. E. (East Grinstead).—"Take it from me!" Unfortunately, we took it from the postman. If it had been you, we'd have given it back.

T. L. (Horsham).—"I have made up my mind to reform but don't know the way." Turn to the right and keep straight on.

L. L. (Glasgow).—"I'd have you know that I belong to Scotland." Gracious! from the way you write we thought it belonged to you!

T. R. (Kenilworth).—"Oh, to be in gardens, now that summer's coming!" Oh, to be inside the house, when wasps and bees are humming!

M. O. (Belfast).—"After all, man could not live without woman." But there are a good many married men who can't live with one.

O. S. (Amberley).—"When I married my wife I thought she was the dearest thing on earth." And we suppose your bank balance shows you were perfectly right?

M. G. (Todmorden).—"A 'Club' man cannot be expected to turn out a satisfactory husband." To our mind, a satisfactory husband should not be turned out under any circumstances.

M. E. (Oban).—"I'm curious." W. thought you might be a little quaint.

H. L. F. (Peckham Rye).—"I spend 2s. a day on cigarettes." Wholly smoke!

H. F. (Perth).—"Do they bite off dog's tails?" Nice people don't.

S. B. (Strand, W.C.).—"Do women eat more after marriage?" No, but you begin to notice it.

"TEACHER" (Hadleigh).—"What is your opinion of the doh, ray, me method of teaching music?" Soh-fa, so good.

H. P. (Chorley).—"I have discovered a certain cure for obesity." Then you'll soon be living on the fat of the land.

G. J. K. (Highgate).—"After an hour's digging in my vegetable patch, I am thoroughly tired out." Now you know why it is called the *back* garden.

H. H. (Nuneaton).—"I bought my youngster a toy Ford the other day." Lucky kid! We had to be satisfied with an ordinary rattle.

BILL B. (Battersea).—"I would go to the ends of the earth for my sweetheart." Perhaps she is frightened you wouldn't stay there.

H. J. (Edgware).—"As far as football is concerned, England is in the van." And, as far as boxing is concerned, in the cart.

O. H. (Falmouth).—"I hope I don't bore you with all this, but I'm a man who throws himself into any task I undertake." Go and dig a well.

S. T. (Bury).—"Education is necessary if you are to succeed." All the same, many an uneducated person has made his mark.

A. B. (Warnham).—"I think women's styles to-day are simply awful." Take a look at your family album—and then think again.

D. L. (Forest Gate).—"I have thrown ideals to the winds." Don't forget that one always reaps as one has S.E.W.N. in all quarters.

H. G. B. (Smethwick).—"For seven years I was obliged to endure considerable privations." You must be the family "skeleton."

J. E. (Frome).—"One should live well within one's income." One should. The trouble is that, often, one can only live well by stepping outside it.

D. J. (Mayfair).—"There is a striving after originality in dance favours." We understand that one Society lady created quite a sensation at a smart function by wearing her own husband on her arm.

H. K. (Hampstead).—"All healing is a question of faith." Doctors certainly have to give plenty of trust.

H. F. (Forfar).—"Give me plenty of victuals and I'm all right." Sorry, but we are not licensed victuallers.

W. R. S. (Wembley).—"I am forty but feel as young as ever I did." That's your buoyant nature.

T. P. (Smethwick).—"The stream of life isn't all honey." No. There are acid drops.

B. T. K. (Rugby).—"Truth lies at the bottom of the well." Then why don't you get down to it.

J. R. (Covehtry).—"Look out for great improvements in Broadcasting." Righto! We'll listen in.

N. R. E. (Kennington).—"Pardon me if the language in this letter reads a bit rough." We've filed it, anyhow.

P. O. (Sutton).—"I would rather work in my garden than go to a whist drive." You think spades are trumps.

MRS. G. (Epping).—"What is the secret of married happiness?" Make a hobby of your hubby.

F. K. H. (Balham).—"The modern girl is not an angel without wings." Then she's no flapper.

M. M. (Seaford).—"I pride myself that I can always tell a lady." But probably you couldn't tell her much.

H. E. (Durham).—"There is very little money in the jam business." It must all be going to pot.

W. A. F. (Braintree).—"Any woman can learn to wash up, for instance, in one lesson." And very often can't learn to dry up in a lifetime.

L. P. S. (Plymouth).—"When I saw the state of my husband's shirts as they came back from the laundry I felt like crying." Were the shirts in tears, too?

C. L. (Caterham).—"My grandfather was one of the earliest settlers in New Zealand." We trust you pay up promptly when the bills fall due, too.

H. I. (Crowborough).—"Is kleptomania curable?" Most magistrates prescribe a plain diet extending over a considerable "time."

Q. O. (Kidderminster).—"Can you give me a rhyme to 'Kidderminster'?" Well, we've heard of the curate who "chid a spinster."

P. S. (Pwhelli).—"Some folks seem to suffer from utter paralysis of the power of cerebration." Or, in plainer terms, they're dead from the neck up.

WINNIE (Slough).—"Some people are so generous that they can't pay their way." And others are so mean that they almost weigh their pay.

H. F. H. (Waterford).—"I am told that I have a head for music." Possibly people have noticed the band round your hat.

W. M. (Norwich).—"If I win a *Bullets* Holiday Prize, am I bound to spend it on a holiday?" Not at all—you can take the wife and kids away with you if you prefer.

P. L. (Nottingham).—"When it comes to deciding on where the holidays will be spent, mother always comes first." And no doubt poor old dad follows on third with the family.

VERA D. (Harlesden).—"Saturday night is my sweetheart's only night off and all the places of amusement are so crowded." Can't you manage to squeeze in a kinema?

B. R. (Brockley).—"The boots I bought recently are completely worn out—and the shopkeeper said they would last a lifetime." Perhaps he did not now you would live so long.

L. D. (Durham).—"During a flood recently I was only able to find my way home by means of the telephone posts." We felt certain a use would be found for the things sooner or later.

P. R. (Reading).—"There are going to be thousands of over-seas visitors in London during the next few months." And thousands of see-over London visitors from the Provinces.

(*Many replies unavoidably held over.*)

Straight from the Shoulder

DUKE OF NORTHUMBERLAND:—As for the principle of authority it is dead.

You've omitted the word "feudal," which is the only sort you recognise.

* * *

H. H. SPENCER, M.P.:—The main cause of the horrible housing conditions in Glasgow is drink.

Rubbish! The main cause is jerry-built slums, to live in which is enough to make anyone drink.

* * *

Mr. COMYNS CARR, M.P.:—We are governed, not by democracy, but by accident.

Say rather, we are not governed but exploited.

* * *

SIR HENRY SLESSER:—The British Fascisti are receiving the careful consideration of the law officers of the Crown.

Are the Communists receiving similar attention? If not, why?

M. POINCARE:—We have said that France will accept the findings of the experts.

You have also said you will stay in the Ruhr until Germany has paid. Which are we to believe?

* * *

Dr. ORCHARD:—The modern mind is growing discontented with the Christian attitude.

It is a measure of the distance the Church has receded from true Christianity.

* * *

SIGNOR MUSSOLINI:—You cannot lead nations without a mailed fist.

With one, you certainly do lead them—to destruction.

* * *

Rt. Hon. GEO. LAMBERT, M.P.:—Neither landowners nor trade union leaders can be permitted to hold the community to ransom.

Politicians could stop it. What are you going to do about it?

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SHATTERED NERVES

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It is a perfectly harmless but exceedingly strengthening food. It revitalizes the blood which courses through the veins, builds up new nerve power.

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If you suffer from even one of the above danger signs of nervous decline don't hesitate, send in your coupon to-day and start with your free test as quickly as possible.

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Two weeks' Free Holiday to the value of **£30.**

3rd Prize.
One week's Free Holiday to the value of **£20.**

A number of Consolation Prizes.

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Name .....

Address .....

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You may write in the margin.

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(Twopence Weekly) (From All Newsagents and Bookstalls)

will publish the first instalment of

All "Bullets" Winning (Printed lines) since No. 1.

This will prove of the greatest value to all competitors who are striving to win one of the huge "Bullets" Holiday Prizes detailed on page opposite.

In addition to the usual helpful features, the "C.J." of this week contains several special articles of absorbing interest including

"The Complete Competitor." By Ashley Sterne.

"Mistakes We Make." By E. H. Gomes, M.A.

SOLUTIONS AND SUGGESTIONS FOR ALL PICTURE PUZZLES.

During the past few months "C.J." readers have won

'John Bull'	£2,000	'John Bull'	£1,000	'John Bull'	£1,000
'John Bull'	£1,000	'Answers'	£1,500	'Tit-Bits'	£500
'Tit-Bits'	£500	'Tit-Bits'	£500	'John Bull'	£500
'John Bull'	£500	'Answers'	£500	'Answers'	£500
'John Bull'	£250	'John Bull'	£250	'Answers'	£250
'Tit-Bits'	£250				

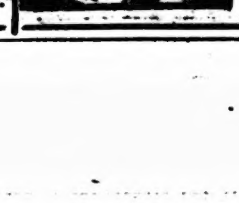
'Pearson's' £237 'John Bull' £1,050.

Making a total in First Prizes alone of over £12,000

OVER 65,000 people read the "C.J." every week!

ORDER "The Competitors' Journal" from your Newsagent or Bookstall and be sure of your copy. If any difficulty is experienced send a penny post-card for a free specimen copy to "The Publisher."

The Competitors' Journal, 115, Fleet St., E.C.4.



A GALLANT SERGT.-MAJOR

Veteran Hero's Pluck and Fortitude

IN a little village in Essex there is a gallant ex-sergeant-major of the Army and ex-South African policeman, whose pathetic plight has been brought to our notice.

He holds the medals for the South African campaign, as well as those awarded for the Great War. He has nearly thirty years of service to his credit, but because it is made up of broken periods he is not eligible for a pension.

In the early days of the Great War, he constituted himself a sort of unofficial recruiting officer for his district, and enlisted practically all the eligible young men of the village and the surrounding countryside. Then, although he was over military age, he himself joined up, and spent four years on the battlefields.

At that time he was heartily congratulated by the local gentry, but he has received very little recognition since.

When he was demobilised he endeavoured to start a fish business as a means of supporting his wife and four children, but competition was keen and he could scarcely make it pay. When his horse, bought with the last of his savings, broke down, he had to abandon that way of attempting to make a living.

He eagerly accepted any employment that was offered him, but after a long and hard struggle he had the bitterness of seeing his home gradually sold for food. All pawnable things have gone long ago, including his wife's wedding ring, and he has little hopes of being able to redeem them, for at the age of nearly sixty he finds it increasingly difficult to obtain employment.

A week or two ago, however, the very fact that he was unemployed was indirectly instrumental in enabling him to perform an act of gallantry which saved the life of a little girl.

This child, the daughter of a neighbour, had been left at home with two little ones while her mother went out to do some shopping. In some manner her clothing caught fire, and she rushed into the garden in terror, a mass of flames.

Fortunately, our gallant sergeant-major was at home and saw the panic-stricken child. With great presence of mind he called to her to follow him into the house, where he succeeded in subduing the flames by wrapping his coat and a rug about her, thus saving her from an agonising death.

His pluck and promptitude seem to have passed unrecognised except by the mother of the little girl whose life he saved, but his very distressed condition was brought to our notice, and "The Greatest of These—" Fund is relieving his immediate needs.

We need increased support to carry on our work of relief. Will you send us a subscription?

"The Greatest of These—"

Registered under the War Charities Act as the JOHN BULL *War Sufferers' Fund. All cheques should be made payable to the Fund, and donations addressed to the Hon. Secretary, at 93, Long Acre, London, W.C.2. Every penny that is subscribed to "The Greatest of These—" Fund goes to give help to those needy. All the expenses of administration are borne by* JOHN BULL.

ACKNOWLEDGMENTS.

"Thankoffering for Benefits Received," £1; H. B., 6d.; H. J. W. (Thornton Heath), 2s. Saltash, 6d.; Tiny, 5s.; Mrs. J. H. Romaine, 2s. 6d.; Watchman (Luton), 1s.; Mrs. K. (Oxford), 2s.; "No. 13," 2s.; One Night (Mexborough), 1s. 7d.; Mrs. Blackwell, 6d.; "Tar-John," 1s. T. L. S. (Caversham), 2s.; H. E. May, 1s. 1d. A. P. (Sherborne), 2s.; C. Rye (Hull), £1; "Chef," 2s. 6d.; "A Friend in Ireland," 1s. Victory Bond Victim, 1s. 3d.; Mrs. A. G. Jacob, parcel; J. E. Cummins, 5s.; C. Greville Page, £1 1s.; "Returned with Greatest Thanks," W. N. Rowe, £1; H. Foster, 1s.; Mrs. Lily Smith, 2s. 6d. and parcel; "Anxious," 1s.; Anon., 6d.; J. Stephen, 1s. 3d.; E. C. (Latchmere Road), 5s. J. Lees, 6d.; "Devoted Daughter," 5s.; Football Ninth (Smethwick), 1s. 6d.; "Someone's Luck," A. W." 1s.; Anonymous, Notremilo, 1s. 3d.; R. R. A. T., 1s.; J. O. Clark, 6d.; Ido (Sunderland), 1s.; A. N. Other, 1s.; Mrs. Blackwell, 6d.; A. M. Hunt, 1s.; Mrs. McGregor, 1s.; "Willing Willie," 2s. 3d.; Miss C. Lloyd, 1s.; S. Longmore, 6d.; E. A. L., 2s. 6d.; E. H. (Canal Terrace), 1s. 6d.; Mrs. Herbert, 1s.; May Taylor (Blackpool), 2s.; Tango (Glasgow), 6d.; "W.," £1; "A Promise Kept," 1s.; H. C. M. (Aberdeen), 4s. 3d.; Mrs. Bushnell 1s; Anon., 1 collar; "Melton Mowbray," 2s.; "Thankful," parcel; Thwaitegate, parcel; "Z.," £1; H. B., 6d.; Anonymous (Streatham), 5s.; Another 9th, Jack, 1s. 2d.; A 9th from an Unlucky Devil, 4½d.; "The Jolly Jingles," 2s. 6d.; Thankful (Rochdale), 5s.; "Bonzo," 6d.; E. Purkiss, 1s.; Every Little Helps, 2s. 6d.; S. H. (Gidmouth), 2s. 6d.; J. B., 10d.; K. Macfarlane (Stornoway), 2s. 6d.; "Descalzado," 1s. 3d.; "A Good John Buller," 1s.; S. W. U. (Wirrey), 3s.; "Boatman," 2s. 6d.; Second Ninth (Paignton), 1s.

100 "BULLETS" PRIZE-WINNERS OF £1

Mrs. J. E. Addington, 3, Warren Rd., Dallington, Northampton; N. Allman, Elton House, Ladybarn Lane, Fallowfield, M/c.; R. Atkin, 2, Ravensneld St., Denaby Main, Nr. Rotherham; H. J. Ballard, High St., Aylesford; R. Bandold, 1, Gwalia Cres., Gorseinon, Swansea; Mrs. A. Barwick, 27, Ilkley Rd., Riddlesden, Keighley; L. C. Batterbury, Tapeley Gardens, Instow, N. Levon; Miss E. Boreham, 16, New Princes St., Holbeck, Leeds; Mrs. M. Bower, Ynismond, Glais, Swansea; G. Bowie, 6, Bourtree Terr., Hawick; H. Brierley, 64, Halifax Rd., Rochdale; L. H. Bryant, New Mill Crossing, Bryncethin, Bridgend; G. C. Bunyon, 26, Overton Rd., Brixton; Mrs. Campbell, 39, Vernon St., Lincoln; Miss H. Carpenter, 105, Blowers Green Rd., Dudley; W. A. Carson, Ministry of Finance, Belfast; D. Clarke, 32, Warwick St., Bolton; W. W. Clifford, 19, Cecil Square, Margate; B. E. Coles, "Rosemount," Alphington, Nr. Exeter; A. G. Collins, 11, Pitt St., Peckham; S. J. Corp, 48, Rothway Rd., Forest Gate; W. Cousens, 21, New Rd., Hellingly, Sussex; A. Darbyshire, 19, Birch St., Morley, Leeds; Miss E. Davidson, 2, New Walk, Beverley; A. Davies, 2, Eldon Rd., Marsh, Huddersfield; C. C. Davies, 55, Henrietta St., Leigh, Lancs.; E. J. Davis, 2, Kent, Shepton Mallet; J. Deering, Tirkeeran, Garvagh, Co. Derry; V. H. Dodd, 205, Victoria Av., Hull; F. Draper, 14, Milward Rd., Loscoe, Nr. Codnor, Derbys.; W. Drever, 27, Balfron Rd., Govan; W. Eagling, Rose Cottage, Low Rd., Hingham, Norfolk; S. Elliott, 31, Albion Row, Byker, Newcastle; P. Ennis, The Bothy, Otterspool Gardens, Aigburth Vale, L'pool.; Mrs. H. Etheridge, Littleton-upon-Severn, Bristol; T. Evans, 50, Regent St., E. Briton Ferry; R. Fairbairn, 7, College St., St. Andrews, Fife; Mrs. G. E. Fleming, 37, Scholes Lane, Prestwich; A. Foulds, 31, Long Causeway, Peterboro'; A. Fraser, 4, Church St., Johnstone, N.B.; E. W. Garnham, Doonside, The Brent, Dartford; Miss C. P. Gough, London St., Godmanchester; F. S. Grace (staff), 3, Kensington Rd., Salisbury; W. L. Harris, Elm Lea, East St., Littlehampton; A. H. Heard, 40A, St. Mary St., Cardiff; H. Hooton, 7, Elisabeth St., Ince, Wigan; Mrs. A. How, 57, Finland Rd., Brockley; Miss I. Hughes, 1, Islington Sq., L'pool.; D. Hunter, Farding Bank, Thornhill, Dumfries; Mrs. Jones, 2, Hill St., Steelworks, Ebbw Vale; T. O. Jones, 184, Wadham Rd., Bootle; T. Jones, 2, Craig Rd., Morriston, Swansea; R. Jones, 38, High St., Bethesda; W. A. Jones, 6, Wellfield Rd., Cardiff; W. Jones, 23, Canal St., Runcorn; Miss D. Kember, Moorwood Farm, Cirencester; Miss A. Kilding, 39, Market Pl., Ripon; H. H. Knowles, 143, Ingram Rd., Holbeck, Leeds; H. P. Larke, 13c, Fulham Estate, Lillie Rd., S.W.; T. Maddock 53, Sankey St., Warrington; W. J. Markham, 25, Willow Grove, Wallsend-on-Tyne; Miss K. Mattocks, 149, High St., Huntingdon; H. L. Mead, 425, London Rd., Westcliff; J. Miller, 47, Bruce Grove Rd., Tottenham; A. G. Mordue, 65, Beulah Rd., Tunbridge Wells; S. Moss, 21, Worsley Rd., Patricroft, M/c.; Miss E. McLaughlin, 6, Uxbridge Pl., London, S.E.; J. H. Owen, "Trigfa," Llanrwst, N. Wales; G. Reeves, The Presbytery, Okehampton; Miss A. Roberts, Ryfel Uchaf, Llangaffo, Gaerwen, Anglesea; L. T. Roberts, 3, Hawarden Rd., Colwyn Bay; Mrs. A. Rudman, 201, Church St., East, Radcliffe, M/c.; C. E. Sabin, 357, Moat Rd., Warley, B'ham; A. C. Scott, 11, Colenso Pl., St. Austell; Miss M. Seagrove, 45, Gipsy Hill, Upper Norwood; Miss E. Sherlock, 48, Hainault Rd., Romford; A. Skinner (staff), D. T. Colony, Dartford; A. W. Smith, 4, Ashview Terr., Newton Mearns, by Glasgow; J. W. Smith, 36, Simms Lane, Netherton, Nr. Dudley; L. G. Smith, 30, Charles St., Newport, Mon.; T. E. Smith, 27, Millfield Terr., Normanton; W. J. Smith, 63, Middle Rd., Cwmbwrla, Swansea; J. Squire, 53, Eltham Hill, Eltham; C. Staddon, 3, High Rd., Kilburn; R. Stanley, c/o R. Feldman & Co., 125, Shaftesbury Av., W.C.; B. T. Stear, 5, Turf St., Bodmin; C. Stone, 3, Eagle Av., Mill Lane, Chadwell Heath; R. Straiage, 468, Belchers Lane, Ideal Village, B'ham.; J. Summers, 37, Balbirnie St., Markinch, Fife; R. Summers, 37, Balbirnie St., Markinch, Fife; J. H. Sutton, Annexe, Whittingham, Preston; W. A. Swann, 3, Elm Rd., Hr Crumpsall, M/c.; A. Thomas, 6, Isis St., Oxford; C. Vaughan, Savoy Lodge, Norwich Av., Bournemouth; P. J. Vaughan, 16, Emorville Av., Dublin; F. Wainwright, "Johnsons," Pelton Lane, Halifax; Mrs. J. E. Weare, "Clarewille," Belmont Rd., Westgate; J. Webber, 10, Clarence Rd., Mottingham, Eltham; J. Whiteford, 152, Kings Park Rd., Glasgow; Miss M. Wilson, 16, Willowdale Rd., Walton, L'pool; Mrs. Winder, 26, Shaw Heath, Stockport.

List of Five-Shilling Prize-winners in "Bullets" Competition No. 520 will be published in next week's "Competitors' Journal." Complete List of all Cash and other Prize-winners can be seen at the Offices of "John Bull."

SPECIAL NEWSAGENTS PRIZES.

Cheques for £10, £2, £2 and four of £1 respectively will be paid to the Newsagents from whom the winners of the First Seven "Bullets" Prizes in Competition No. 522 have purchased their copies of "John Bull."

"BULLETS" WONDERFUL HOLIDAY OFFER!

4 Holiday Prizes of £25 each — **10 Holiday Prizes of £20 each** — **20 Holiday Prizes of £10 each**

RESULT OF "BULLETS" No. 520.

FIRST PRIZE OF £250:

MR. PETER LAIDLAW, Oakbank Road, Perth, N.B.:

Example:—NEARLY READY
Bullet:—FOR DOLE, APPRENTICESHIP FINISHING.

SECOND PRIZE OF £100:

Mr. W. G. RYE, 2, St. Luke's Road, Brighton:
Example:—WHILE IT LASTS
Bullet:—ANY PAIN'S THE WORST.

THIRD PRIZE OF £50:

Mr. PHILIP READ, 92, St. John's Road, East Ham:
Example:—WHAT FUN
Bullet:—NIGHT OUT—UNLESS DESTITUTE.,

FOURTH PRIZE OF £25:

Mr. A. WOOD, Figure 8, Railway, Portobello, Edinburgh:
Example:—SMART CAPTURE
Bullet:—CUSTOM, WHILE OTHERS GRUMBLING.
(Entered on "Target" Prize Coupon.)

FIFTH PRIZE OF £10:

Mr. W. H. NICHOLAS, 1, Hopton Street, Ford, Devonport:
Example:—DULL LIFE
Bullet:—HUSBAND TO BRILLIANT WIFE.

10 Prizes of £5 each:

H. G. BROOMES, 19, Sycamore Road, Guildford:
SINCE HE PROPOSED—ECONOMY—SHE'S CURTAILED CONVERSATION.

T. S. CHAPMAN, 54, Charles Street, Hull:
AT WEMBLEY—JACK COMING ACROSS SWEETHEARTS.

Miss R. ENOCH, 2, Westfield Terrace, Loftus, Yorks.:
SINCE HE PROPOSED—MOTHER'S COUGH MUCH IMPROVED.
(Entered on "Target" Prize Coupon.)

B. PARKER, 178, Latimer Road, Eastbourne:
SINCE HE PROPOSED—"RAGGIE!"—"YES, MA?" "GOOD-NIGHT!"

P. KENNEALLY, R.O. STAFF, 6, Park Lane, W. 1:
WITHOUT PAYING—ATTENTION, WIFE SAYS "YES."

E. D. CANDLISH, 20, Townsend Place, Kirkcaldy, N.B.:
SEEMS STRANGE—PATENT MEDICINES CELEBRITIES REQUIRE.

D. J. WARREN, 23, Peverell Park Road, Plymouth:
FOR HER SAKE—I WALK—WE TAXI.

T. THOMAS, 112, Margam Street, Cymmer, Nr. Port Talbot:
WHAT THE BOSS SAID—"WE'LL DO"—I DID.

MRS. E. RAYNOR, Woodbine Bungalow, Golf Links, Humberstone, Lincs.:
SINCE HE PROPOSED—FORGOTTEN WHICH ACCEPTED HIM.

H. BANKS, 7, Cyprus Terrace, Burgoyne Road, Sheffield:
FOLLOWING SUIT—AUNTIE—AFTER TWO ATTEMPTS.

10 Prizes of £2 10s.

Miss A. BROWN, 122, Richmond Road, Liverpool:
WITHOUT PAYING—EXIT ONLY AT WEMBLEY.

C. HALL, 3, Bradshaw Street, Oldham:
DISAPPOINTING HER—JUDGE DIDN'T SMILE BACK.

E. SLADE, 44, Penrith Road, Thornton Heath, Surrey:
IN THE TWILIGHT—OF LIFE, TOLERANCE LEADS TO.

I. MACDONALD, 18, Windsor Place, Rothesay, N.B.:
NOBODY'S BUSINESS—RAPIDLY BECOMES BULLPOSTING STATION.

C. DENTON, 67, Sumner Road, West Croydon:
HARDLY FAIR—PROSECUTION THINKS MENTIONING WAGE.

R. A. SPARROW, 97, Dareth Road, London, N.:
UNHERALDED—DROWNING FILM ACTOR'S STRUGGLES.

Rev. R. E. GAYR, Skeyton Rectory, Swanton Abbot, Norwich:
AT WEMBLEY—DISCOVERED WHY SERVANT LEFT.
(Entered on "Target" Prize Coupon.)

I. HUMPHERIES, 127, North Road, Perth, Rhondda:
CATCHING UP—RARE—POOL PLAYERS HIMSELF.

A. TREZEASE, Pensilva, Liskeard, Cornwall:
A BIT CRAZY—LIVER'S BOLSTER HUMPHS BELOW.

E. JOHNSON, 47, Lloyd Street, Blackwood, Stocksbridge, Leeds:
WHAT FUN—TIME MAKES OF TREATING.

EXAMPLES FOR "BULLETS" NO. 523.

SEEING THE EMPIRE
FINISHING SCHOOL
ON DERBY DAY
WHY HE WAS SILENT
ON THE WATCH
THE HOME BUDGET
TRAVELLING EXPENSES
WORLD AND HIS WIFE
MY ADVICE
CHARGING TOO MUCH
HER FIRST
IN GLOWING COLOURS
ALADDIN'S LAMP
UNTAXED
IN OTHER LANDS
THE KEY
HOW TROUBLE BEGAN
DARK DEEDS
HALF THE BATTLE
PLEASANT READING
HAND OF FATE
MOTHER'S BOY
AT THE WICKET
MY GARDEN
LOST FOR WORDS
ACCORDING TO THE BOOK
HARMLESS
WHAT THE FLAPPER SAID
AT AN END
HIS MASTER
FOR ALL WE KNOW
RAY OF HOPE
LOVE AND HATE
INCREDIBLE
HER BEST FRIEND
NO SPORT
WHY SHE MARRIED
SILLY IDEA
WHAT CURED HIM
VERY SWEET

"BULLETS" RULES.

1. The First Prize will be awarded for what in the opinion of the judges in consultation with the Editor, is the best "Bullet" received, and the other prizes in order of merit, the test being cleverness, aptness and originality.

2. "Bullets" must be plainly written on one of the coupons, and only two attempts may be written on each coupon.

3. All four coupons may be used and a postal order enclosed at the rate of 6d. for each coupon made use of, which must be made payable to JOHN BULL, and crossed "and Co." Competitors must write their names and addresses and the date of sending the order on the back of the postal order, the number of which must be duly noted on each coupon submitted. Coupons must not be mutilated.

4. All coupons arriving too late to be judged with absolute thoroughness will be duly returned.

5. The Editor undertakes that every "Bullet" received shall have careful consideration by a competent staff of qualified judges.

6. The Editor's decision on any matter of dispute arising in connection with this competition must be accepted as final and legally binding in all respects, and acceptance of this rule is an express condition of entry.

"BULLETS" 61 Prize-winners will be found on page 38.

HOW TO MAKE "BULLETS" — NO LETTER RESTRICTIONS.

Choose any of the *Examples* printed: then give any **Two, Three, or Four Words** having some bearing on the *Example* chosen, each of which can begin with any letter in the alphabet. These specimens will guide you:—

Example:—YOUTH *Bullet*:—"CAGED" WILL BECOME "WILD."
Example:—THE SEQUEL *Bullet*:—SUCCESSFUL STRIKE—SUCCESSIVE STRIKES.
Example:—LIKE MAGIC *Bullet*:—BET CONJUROR'S RABBIT DOESN'T.

ENCLOSE A POSTAL ORDER AT THE RATE OF 6d. FOR EACH COUPON USED.

Address coupons to "Bullets" No. 523, "John Bull," Long Acre, London, W.C.2

Example _____ Closing Date, Thursday, May 29.
Bullet _____
Example _____
Bullet _____
(523) P.O. No. _____
I agree to enter this Competition in accordance with the rules and conditions announced on this page. With 1 Coupon, send P.O. for 6d.
Signed _____
Address _____

Example _____ Closing Date, Thursday, May 29.
Bullet _____
Example _____
Bullet _____
(523) P.O. No. _____
I agree to enter this Competition in accordance with the rules and conditions announced on this page. With 2 Coupons, send P.O. for 1s.
Signed _____
Address _____

Example _____ Closing Date, Thursday, May 29.
Bullet _____
Example _____
Bullet _____
(523) P.O. No. _____
I agree to enter this Competition in accordance with the rules and conditions announced on this page. With 3 Coupons, send P.O. for 1s. 6d.
Signed _____
Address _____

Example _____ Closing Date, Thursday, May 29.
Bullet _____
Example _____
Bullet _____
(523) P.O. No. _____
I agree to enter this Competition in accordance with the rules and conditions announced on this page. With 4 Coupons, send P.O. for 2/-.
Signed _____
Address _____

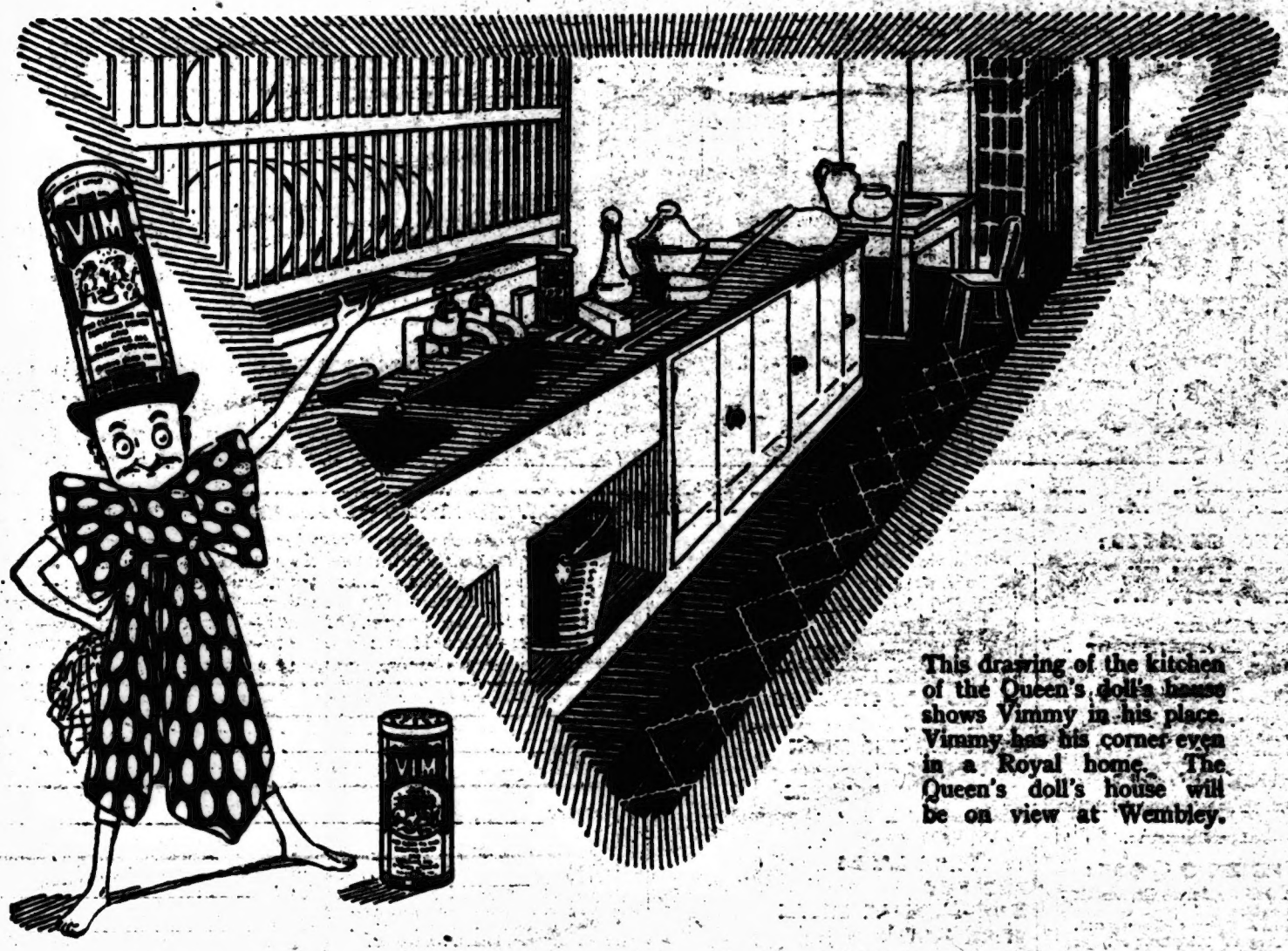
If you desire to send in further "Bullets" you can write them on plain paper

SELECTION OF EXAMPLES FOR "BULLETS" COMPETITION No. 524.

WHY HE'S A BACHELOR—HER PICTURE—FISH OUT OF WATER—IN DAYLIGHT—MAN OF HIS WORD—SAILING AWAY—AFTER THE RACE—ON TOAST—WHAT A TIME—SOME HOPE—OUT OF HAND—PERFECT SIGHT—SUDDENLY—MARCHING ORDERS—BETWEEN THE SHOWERS—CHEAP ADVERTISEMENT—FIRST MEAL—NEVER LEARNT—CAUGHT—VAIN BOAST.

These Examples can be made use of on the Coupons on this page, and must reach us on or before **THURSDAY, JUNE 5th.** All coupons so used **MUST** be marked clearly with the number **524** in the top left-hand corner, and envelopes containing these Coupons must be addressed "Bullets" No. 524, JOHN BULL, Long Acre, London, W.C.2 Such coupons must not contain any of the Examples for Competition No. 523.

The original cheque for £250 awarded to the First Prize-winner in "Bullets" Competition No. 510 can now be seen in the window of Mr. H. Dickson, 47, Water Lane, Bristol, G.W.S.



This drawing of the kitchen of the Queen's doll's house shows Vimmy in his place. Vimmy has his corner even in a Royal home. The Queen's doll's house will be on view at Wembley.

A corner of Vimmy's bright home

VIM makes a palace of any home. A light sprinkling of the fine powder on a damp cloth provides a cleaning force which no dirt can resist.

Vim takes grease and dirt film off sinks and draining boards, turns dull, lustreless taps and metal fittings into things of light, restores the brilliance of its original brightness to linoleum.

Tiles, paintwork, enamelware, earthenware, hundreds of household utensils and fitments respond to the rapid cleansing of Vim.

MADE BY LEVER BROTHERS LIMITED, PORT SUNLIGHT

In Sprinkler-Top Canisters

CLEANSER VIM & POLISHER
FOR METAL, WOODWORK, TILES etc.

Of all Grocers, Stores, Oilmen, Chandlers, etc.

▼ 268—14

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